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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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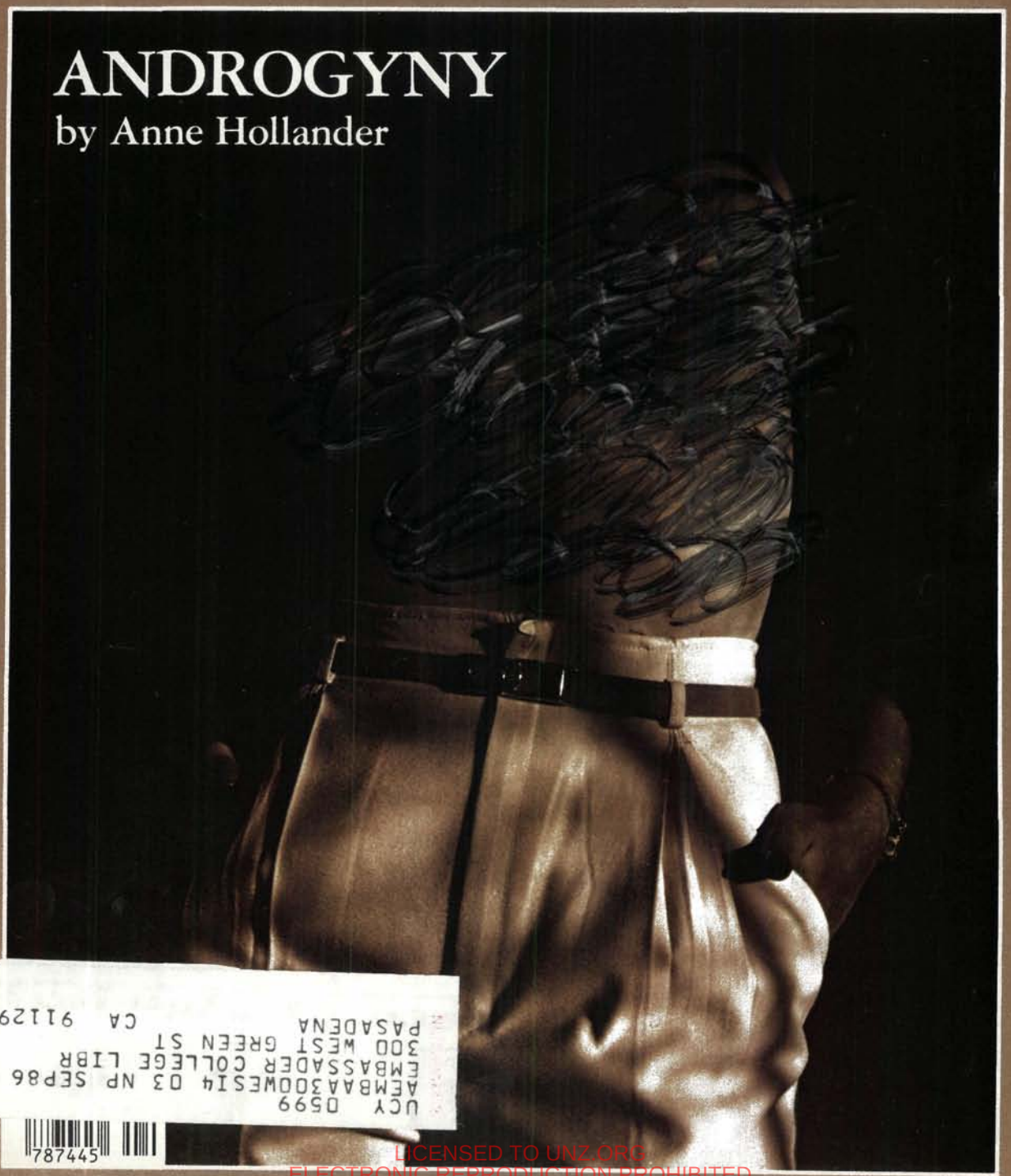

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CORRESPONDENCE

OUT IN LIBERAL LEFT FIELD

To the editors:

"The Capgun Doctrine" (TNR, December 31) contains what must be your third or fourth reference in recent months to "the isolationism of the liberal left." In U.S. history, isolationism means opposition to all foreign entanglements—for example, assistance to the Allies in World War II before Pearl Harbor. Are you suggesting that the liberal left today would oppose military action if a foreign power invaded West Germany or Italy? Japan or Australia? Even Finland or Austria? Of course it wouldn't, and you know it.

What the liberal left opposes is military intervention which not only does not serve U.S. interests, but actually harms them. The liberal left wants an end to cant about "vital national interests" abroad. Thirty years ago a Cuba in the hands of Communists or an Iran in the hands of anti-U.S. fanatics would have been unthinkable. Yet now that the unthinkable has happened, things look different. The main effect of the "loss" of Cuba has been a reduction in the number of countries trying to bribe Congress to give them sugar quotas. Another has been to provide the Soviet Union with an expensive showcase for the failure of Soviet-style economic policies. In the case of Iran, we feared massive disruption of our oil supplies. Well, we suffered such a disruption—but at the hands of our loyal allies in OPEC, not the xenophobes in Teheran.

Realistically, what harm would the "loss" of, say, South Korea or Taiwan do? We would lose important sources of fold-up plastic raincoats and "genuine American Indian" artifacts. And there would be a sharp reduction in the incomes of some Washington lobbyists and perhaps of a few members of Congress. The fact is that in this day of nuclear warfare and synthetic materials, a country like the United States has little strategic or economic interest in most other countries. If the United States is attacked, it will be from the Soviet Union, not from Cuba or Nicaragua. If the U.S. economy goes into a tailspin, it will be because of some stupidity here or misstep by our allies, not actions of Vietnam or Libya. When examined rationally, the "vital interests" turn out to be rooted in ideology, sheer pride, or nineteenth-century thinking (I keep expecting somebody to mention coaling stations).

The liberal left believes we should support freedom and democracy and oppose tyranny, regardless of how willing dictators are to "do our bidding" (Mr. Reagan's explanation of why we owed support to the Shah of Iran). Where both sides of a conflict are repugnant—Nicaragua, Iran-Iraq, Somalia-Ethiopia—we should just stay out. Obviously, there will be close calls. But by and large it is not difficult to conduct a sensible, consistent foreign policy in concert with the rest of the world's democracies. The problem has been presumptuous, big-mouthed, over-age politicians who still think we can rule the world with a pair of six-guns.

LEE LEVITT
New York, New York

LIBERALS AND COMMUNITY

To the editors:

Charles Fried falls into a common trap when he excoriates classical liberalism as the source of an "impoverished view of the self and communities" ("Liberals And Love," TNR, December 24). This echoes other contemporary attacks that claim that the liberalism of Hobbes, Locke, Smith, and Mill is infected with excessive individualism and an anti-civic spirit. Such critics are looking in the wrong place for the origin of abstract individualism. I suggest they examine the Puritan tradition. There they will find the self-regarding and righteous anti-public moralism they seek. It can be found, for example, in Emerson, whose keening Puritanism, and unhealthily idealistic philosophy drove him to haughty contempt for human community and to Nietzschean worship of energy, will, and self-reliance. These are the true sources of what Mr. Fried calls the "negative propaganda" in our society.

BERNARD MURCHLAND
Delaware, Ohio

WHY WAIT?

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke's "Rules For Dictators" (TNR, January 7 & 14) asks that we be patient about bringing true democracy to Chile and the Philippines. How long must we wait? Mr. Marcos has been in power more than a dozen years, Mr. Pinochet for eleven. Neither shows signs of compromise. Both are in truth ruthless dictators who have repressed all legitimate opposition. The United States squanders its moral capital by soft-pedaling the terror of their regimes. And articles such as Mr. Kondracke's ignore the true moral and political questions at the heart of America's foreign policy.

MARK H. HATCH
Watertown, Massachusetts

CREDITING CARTER

To the editors:

John Diggins asserts that President Carter's "forthright stand on human rights . . . possibly had the effect of forcing the Shah of Iran to liberalize his repressive regime, thereby paving the way for his overthrow, the capture of American hostages, and the return of the Ayatollah Khomeini and the Dark Ages." ("The New Republic And Its Times," TNR, December 10.) This vastly oversimplifies a complex historical event. There's little evidence of even unwitting Carter complicity in the downfall of the regime. It was not an externally imposed liberalism that caused the Shah's ouster, but the cumulative force of indigenous political tyranny, intellectual repression, and a U.S.-abetted industrial modernization that threatened traditional power blocs and structures. Iran exploded, in short, because its ruling class was repressive, corrupt, and blind to the consequences of its policies. Despite the criticism now, human rights took on new credibility and legitimacy during Mr. Carter's term. For this transformation of public awareness and official policy, the Carter Administration must be given primary credit.

DAVID HEAPS
Princeton, New Jersey

ALLEN'S ALERT

To the editors:

My compliments to Chuck Lane for his article on the threat made by Richard V. Allen and his attorney to sue journals that publish information Mr. Allen regards as untrue ("Muscling the Media," TNR, January 7 & 14). Beginning with

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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COVER "White Linen Suit II, Cambridge" (June 1981), by Robert J. Steinberg, ©1983. Photo courtesy of Robert Klein Gallery, Boston. Article on page 28.

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FROM WASHINGTON

CURSE OF THE GIANT MUFFINS

After four years of caterwauling about the awful sacrifice of public service, Mike Deaver is leaving the government. Deaver, currently President Reagan's Deputy Chief of Staff at a salary of $72,000 ("I've been low on money all my life," he says), probably will run the Washington office of Burson Marsteller, a national public relations firm, at a salary of at least $200,000.

In Washington, after the election is the season for cashing in. The losers need to remake their lives. And, having been rejected, they are in no mood to indulge patriotic fantasies about the selfless idealism of public servants. Both Walter Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro have said unabashedly that their main interest for the near future will be bucks.

Meanwhile, those who've shepherded the winners triumphantly back into office are now, like ripe peaches, at the peak of their marketability. So this is when we hear a lot about laying down the weary burdens of power, goals having been accomplished, children to be educated, and so on. Departing Solicitor General Rex E. Lee was especially poignant in a valedictory interview with *The New York Times*: "I never thought when I was in law school that . . . I'd have to think twice in the supermarket about buying Giant brand or Thomas's English muffins."

We none of us can choose our moments of epiphany, and it is unfair to mock the Solicitor General for experiencing his in a supermarket. Having been through law school myself, I would never begrudge any fellow sufferer the muffin of his choice. Nor do I sneer at the larger hunger—for affluence—symbolized by Lee's preference in breakfast food. Let him who is without sin cast the first Giant English muffin. But keep three things in mind before expending too much sympathy on our high-level politicos.

First, it may be that most of these people can make more money *now* in private life than they make in government, but many were making *less* before they got their high government posts. There is a Cinderella quality to many Washington careers. It doesn't take the newly discovered starlet long to forget she didn't always have a swimming pool, and it doesn't take the newly appointed assistant secretary (formerly an underpaid research fellow or journalist) long to forget that he didn't always have a limousine.

Second, having held a high government job is often the only reason these people can expect to make huge incomes when they leave it. Their government connections, reputations, and experience is what makes them valuable. Even among those (like Rex Lee) with valuable independent skills, their former eminence earns them a substantial premium.

Third, when these people talk of returning to "the private sector," they do not mean they are moving to Des Moines to manufacture widgets. They are remaining in Washington to leech, in some way, off the government, usually by peddling influence. James Reston wrote January 6, "Democrats . . . think of politics as a life career. . . . The Republicans, in contrast, seem to think of politics . . . as a temporary adventure or noblesse oblige duty. . . ." In fact, Democrats and Republicans alike think of it increasingly as a simple investment.

Cashing in is simply the last act in the standard four-act Washington epic tragedy. Act One is *idealism*. Our hero gets involved in politics because he or she believes in racial equality, or lower tax rates, or baby seals. Act Two is *pragmatism*. Our hero learns that to achieve important political goals, you must compromise and work within the system. Act Three is *ambition*. Success within the political system—by election or appointment—becomes the goal for its own sake. Act Four is *corruption*. Politics becomes merely instrumental once again, this time for personal enrichment instead of an ideological agenda.

It's clear that in recent years, more and more people are getting to Act Four, and getting there faster than ever. Why? Several reasons. Washington is increasingly caught up in the Reagan dollar *Zeitgeist*. Power is out; money is in; the exchange window is open. Also, new opportunities have blossomed. The professionalization of political campaigns allows political skills to be marketed retail instead of wholesale, and corporate political activism has created new markets. Yesterday's hack is today's consultant. At a higher level, the growing glamor of Washington has created new possibilities for lucrative speechmaking and corporate advising. And at all levels, any stigma that ever was attached to sheer influence peddling has simply disappeared.

Former Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker is the most interesting recent example, because he is so widely, if inexplicably, admired in Washington. "We're very far from the rest of the nation here," he lectured *The Washington Post* recently. "I wanted to get out of here because I knew I didn't know the country, these people I'm representing." But Baker isn't getting out of here. As another *Post* story put it, without any apparent pejorative implication, he'll be "a lawyer and influence broker" in the Washington office of a Texas law firm, at a reported salary of about $800,000 a year. Two of Baker's former aides have opened up a highly touted new influence-peddling shop of their own. Meanwhile, Baker also is running for President. Being an "influence broker" not only is no impediment; it's considered a great advantage compared to being Senate Majority Leader, since it's more lucrative, takes less time, and makes you fewer enemies.

Oddly, one reason that influence peddling has become so socially acceptable has been a series of post-Watergate laws attempting to suppress it. These laws have failed utterly. But, like all laws in our law-minded society, they have sapped the power of social stigma. Any behavior not legally proscribed is seen as perfectly O.K. (Another miserable example is the "special prosecutor" or "independent counsel" law, which has turned into a device for vindicating any public official who is not an out-and-out criminal.) There is no way that "influence brokering" can be outlawed. It can only be regulated by the power of stigma. If Howard Baker offers you an English muffin, turn it down.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JANUARY 28, 1985

THE BUDGET BAZAAR

President Reagan has apparently decided that he's not going to worry about the budget deficit. In early December he agreed to the goal of reducing the deficit from its current level of $200 billion to $100 billion by 1988. That's 2 percent of gross national product, exactly as large as the deficit Jimmy Carter bequeathed to Mr. Reagan in 1980. Having set the ambitious goal of leaving the deficit problem no worse than where he found it, Mr. Reagan promptly proceeded to make it impossible. Brushing aside the advice of his cabinet, his political advisers, and his budget director, David Stockman, he let Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger talk him into exempting the Pentagon from all but token spending cuts. Since Mr. Reagan already had foresworn both tax increases and Social Security cuts during the campaign, this left only 40 percent of federal programs open to trimming.

Mr. Stockman gamely hacked away, slicing huge portions of programs for the poor and entitlements for the middle class. But even then he only managed to find savings of $237 billion over three years. Mr. Stockman himself figures it would take $266 billion of cuts over three years to meet the $100 billion target for 1988. Congress rightly rejected this plan, which was both inadequate and unfair. In effect, Mr. Reagan's budget would have required Senators and Representatives to transfer money from Medicare to the Pentagon, then spend the 1986 campaign trying to tell their constituents why. Understandably, they balked. The Reagan budget is dead, even though it won't even be formally introduced until February.

Since Mr. Reagan doesn't seem inclined to write a realistic budget, Robert Dole is going to go ahead and write one for him. Flexing his new powers as Senate Majority Leader, Mr. Dole is marshaling his fellow Republican Senators in an effort to come up with an alternative that really will get the deficit down to $100 billion in 1988. Mr. Dole says the "centerpiece" of the Republicans' plan will probably be a one-year budget "freeze," which would leave the spending authority of all government agencies at this year's level and cancel next year's cost-of-living allowances in all entitlement programs, including Social Security. The idea is to let inflation cut the value of federal outlays automatically.

A freeze would be an improvement over the Reagan Administration's budget. By eliminating all entitlement COLAs next year, including the Social Security COLA, it would save almost $50 billion over the next three years. And a "freeze" would force the Pentagon to trim a not-unreasonable $78 billion from its wish list for the next three years.

Mr. Weinberger won the President's indulgence by arguing that slowing the growth of Pentagon spending would send the "wrong signal" to the Soviets. Unlikely. Already the Defense Department has more money than it knows what to do with. Because its budget has been built up so rapidly in the last few years, it still has about $35 billion in unallocated budget authority. And does Mr. Weinberger think the Russians are scared by military pensions? About $18.5 billion of next year's budget will go to pay for these lush programs, which pay three times the average private-sector pension benefit, and which grant officers full benefits after just twenty years of service.

Basically, however, the freeze is a gimmick. It imposes cuts "equally" on the Pentagon and food stamps, even though one has gorged for the last four years and the other has starved. As it happens, Mr. Stockman's proposed budget also includes a one-year freeze for low-income programs. By 1988 the cumulative effect of such a freeze and previous Reagan-inspired cuts would be reductions of 44 percent in child nutrition and 15 percent in Aid to Families with Dependent Children. Also, it would reduce the maximum food stamp benefit to 95 percent of the government's "Thrifty Food Plan," a meager hypothetical menu which costs $8.80 per day for a family of four. In other words, the maximum food stamp benefit would be about two bucks per recipient per day. Enough, already.

The "freeze" is popular in Congress because it would (to switch metaphors) cut the Gordian knot. Since everyone could agree on last year's spending last year, the argument goes, they can agree on it again this year. But this is not governing; this is abdication. There is no reason why all

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government activities should be cut proportionally. Some are worthless, some are bloated, and some are underfed. We elect political leaders to make precisely these judgments. Some judgments are inescapable, freeze or no freeze. It's not really possible to "freeze" federal spending. Outlays would still go up, because Social Security adds recipients automatically every year, and because interest payments on the national debt increase every year, too. And even a total freeze still wouldn't save enough money to reach the goal of a mere $100 billion deficit in 1988.

Where should the cutting begin? We have a few suggestions, in addition to trimming defense, and none of them involve stinging the poor. One is to attack business subsidies, on the sound Republican logic that if a company can't compete in the free market, it shouldn't expect to be propped up by the taxpayers. The budget is studded with examples of such misplaced government largesse, from the Small Business Administration to dairy and tobacco subsidies. Mr. Stockman's budget rightly proposes to save $3.5 billion over three years by phasing out all direct loans by the Export-Import Bank. The Bank lends to foreign countries at better than commercial rates so they can buy goods from American companies. This is a subsidy enjoyed almost exclusively by giant electrical equipment and aerospace firms.

There are also plenty of pesky nonbusiness subsidies that deserve pruning. Making private boat owners pay a user fee for Coast Guard services would end an annual $100 million handout for yachtsmen. User fees representing the true cost of federal services for private airplane operators would bring in another billion. Every year Mr. Stockman tosses a few items like this into his initial budget proposal, and every year they fall by the wayside while cuts in social welfare go through.

But the big money in the budget is in entitlements. State budgets are running a $4.3 billion dollar surplus. Why does the federal government automatically pay them $4.5 billion a year in revenue sharing? And why did we spend $14 billion last year on farm price supports, which artificially raise food prices, aid farmers who mostly aren't poor, and pay people not to grow food while others go hungry?

Medicare, a $75 billion item in this year's budget, also should not be sacrosanct. What matters, though, is how much we as a society spend on health care, not how much falls on the "government" or "private" side of the ledger. If the government cuts the deficit $100 by shifting some cost to an elderly patient, and that patient takes $100 out of the savings pool to pay for it, the fiscal effect of the reform is nil. Only by addressing the inflationary impact of Medicare on doctor and hospital costs can true savings be achieved. The Medicare proposals coming out of the Reagan Administration have been of both the good and the bad sorts, and should be judged accordingly.

As for Social Security, the biggest entitlement program by far ($200 billion next year), there is room for more savings here than a one-year COLA freeze. The usual caveat at this point is that present beneficiaries must be protected. We don't see why. Social Security is a wildly better deal for present beneficiaries than it ever will be for people still paying into the system at today's higher rates. The fairest reform would be to make Social Security benefits taxable. That would cut benefits most for high-income recipients, and would impose no extra burden at all on those who truly depend on Social Security for their survival.

THE OBVIOUS OBJECTION to these suggestions is that they are politically impossible. Alas, this is probably true. Subsidies are guarded by lobbyists, and middle-income entitlements by voters. The budget freeze, supposedly a courageous way to thwart special pleaders, is really just a subtle form of pandering. It cuts spending for every program, yet it keeps them all in the budget, whether they deserve to be there or not. One Republican sponsor, Senator Charles Grassley of Iowa, has actually been selling the freeze as a way for interest groups to protect pet budget items. "Freeze it to save it," he chirps. "It's called thermal preservation."

In an environment where this sort of hucksterism gets to call itself legislative courage, it may well turn out that neither subsidy nor entitlements nor defense gets subjected to deep reductions. Then the budget axe will fall once again on the one group that can't afford lobbyists and doesn't vote: the poor.

If that happens, blame Ronald Reagan for first running up the deficit, and then running away from it. But blame the Democrats, too. Their Presidential candidate, Walter Mondale, is the one whose demagoguery prodded Mr. Reagan into his absurd promises about Social Security. Now some Democrats are trying to block even the budget freeze's modest pruning of middle-class entitlements, undoubtedly in preparation for 1986, when the Social Security scare issue may once again be the party's campaign theme.

Why don't the Democrats offer the Republicans a trade? They'll agree to big cuts in Social Security, Medicare, and the like, if the Republicans will agree to cut business subsidies, lay off the poor, and trim defense. It's really the only sort of deal that will seriously address the deficit, and it's also the only one that will preserve the Democrats' tattered claim to the mantle of fairness. And if the Republicans turn it down, then they'll deserve everything they get in 1986.

DR. SHEKEL AND UNCLE SAM

And speaking of the budget, the financially pressed state of Israel has requested $800 million in emergency aid from the United States for fiscal 1985, on top of the $2.6 billion already granted, and wants a total of $4 billion in economic and military assistance for next year. Even for Israel's friends in this country, those numbers are impossible to swallow.

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The problem is not the numbers themselves. The United States spends close to $100 billion a year, and commits more than 100,000 troops, defending our European allies. By that standard, $4 billion is not an unreasonable bargain for Israel's lonely defense of crucial Western interests in the Middle East. The United States has good practical reasons for financing Israeli military might, and good moral ones for helping to protect Israel's financial and social stability.

But the United States has no reason to subsidize stupidity and cowardice. With inflation running at 20 percent a month, and the highest per-capita foreign debt burden in the whole sorry world of sovereign debtors, the coalition government of Prime Minister Shimon Peres hasn't even begun to do what is necessary to put Israel's house in order. To be fair to Mr. Peres, Israel's current dilemma was caused more than anything else by his predecessor Menachem Begin's policy of drowning discord in a sea of printed money and consumer spending. The fractiousness of Israeli political life and the strains within his coalition make it hard for Mr. Peres to turn off the spigot.

That, though, is exactly why granting Mr. Peres's maximalist aid request would be doing Israel no favor. Only the United States is in a position to "pressure" Mr. Peres into taking the sort of steps he probably wants to take anyway, such as drastic cuts in nondefense government spending—and, just possibly, some cuts in defense spending, too. Only the United States, in short, can make the Israelis swallow their medicine.

Now if only there was someone who could make Americans swallow *our* medicine.

NOTEBOOK

□ EUGENE VICTOR THAW is a rare figure in the world of art: dealer, scholar, critic, in a combination that was not so rare in civilized Europe before the war. His range extends from the Middle Ages and the old masters at least to Jackson Pollock. Thaw has written, mostly on painting and art history, for *The New Criterion*, *The New York Times*, and THE NEW REPUBLIC. We have asked him to become a contributing editor, and he has agreed. We're delighted.

□ ON A ROLL: Toilet paper is currently a scarce commodity in Nicaragua, inspiring a lively black market trade. Now the pro-Sandinista daily newspaper, *El Nuevo Diario*, has declared in an editorial that toilet paper is unnecessary. *El Nuevo Diario* asserts that mothers do not use toilet paper to clean their young children, and that the people of Turkey also never use the stuff. The editorial continues: "the depoliticization of toilet paper, making its use obsolete and superfluous, would strongly contribute to the relaxation of national tensions, and the elimination of toilet paper from the national struggle would be a great step toward the reconciliation of the Nicaraguan family." During the recent election campaign, Sandinista candidates called the use of toothpaste an unnecessary luxury.

□ BLUE PENCILS, RED FACES: Last week we wrote that "on November 9 [1982] the Meeses had dinner in Georgetown; earlier that day, [Thomas] Barrack had met with two cabinet officers about possible jobs." ("What a Meese!" TNR, January 21.) Contrary to what this sentence implies, there is nothing inherently suspicious about having dinner in Georgetown. We meant to include the fact that the dinner was with Mr. Barrack, who had just bailed the Meeses out of a financial jam.

□ THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Let's be brutal about it: taxes should be higher. At near-peak prosperity this country has no moral right to a $5 billion deficit. How could the budget be balanced? Costs aren't coming down much on foreign aid and defense because we aren't going isolationist again. Slashes in welfare-state expenditures aren't going through because the Have-Nots are too powerful to submit to so-called 'economies' by the Haves. We aren't going to squeeze much out of the pork-barrel bills because our form of government is too loose and inefficient to control such matters. So—it comes down to higher taxes or more deficits. Of the two we think deficits are more dangerous in the long run. The 'Haves' got an unjustified $6 billion tax cut from the G.O.P. 80th Congress. Now Truman proposes to restore a bit of this while relaxing some excise taxes. We hope he gets it." (TRB, "Washington Wire," January 30, 1950.)

Charles Murray's stunted statistics.

CRUNCHED NUMBERS

A JOURNALIST FRIEND of mine once teamed up with a sociologist on a book about the old-age movement in California. When the galleys came, the libel lawyers went over my friend's reportage with a fine-tooth comb but passed quickly over the statistical material gathered by his colleague—who later commented shrewdly that the really effective way to libel a movement and its leaders would be to use numbers rather than words. For as everyone knows, statistics are objective and unprejudiced.

This is one reason why I take Charles Murray's new book *Losing Ground* as an important sign of the times. The book has already become a kind of political magic wand which conservatives wave when they want to make the arguments of their opponents disappear. Among many who think that the War on Poverty was (in Murray's words) a "domestic Vietnam," Murray's mild-sounding prose is now preferred to the purpleness of George Gilder,

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whose mystical raptures seem to have made him into an embarrassment even to the people he praises. The business class prefers sober columns of figures to breathless flights of fantasy, and Murray's analysis teems with tables and graphs. Unless one specializes in these things, how can one know that this formidable intellectual apparatus is deeply flawed?

I am not suggesting for a moment that Murray concocted his numbers, which are taken from responsible sources. Nor do I assert that the data in *Losing Ground* were chosen selectively in order to make a dishonest case for abolishing the entire welfare state as it relates to Americans of working age. On the contrary, I give Murray full credit for trying to be as fair as he can, and I assume that the numbers which favored his preconceptions simply jumped off the page at him. My proposition is that the numbers do not support the analysis.

At the very outset, Murray's basic thesis is so stark and unicausal that it ought to make people question his numbers on principle: "It is not necessary to invoke the *Zeitgeist* of the 1960s, or changes in the work ethic, or racial differences, or the complexities of post-industrial economies, in order to explain increasing unemployment among the young, increased dropout from the labor force, or higher rates of illegitimacy and welfare dependency," he writes. "All were results that could have been predicted . . . from the changes that social policy made in rewards and penalties, carrots and sticks, that govern human behavior."

WHAT ABOUT technological change, stagflation, the multinationalization of corporate capital, rising levels of "normal" unemployment, cultural shifts, the revolution in occupational structure? These factors and many, many others are simply excluded from consideration. As Murray contends, the reduction of poverty—using either the official statistics or Murray's own ingenuous construct, "latent poverty," the number of people who are poor before transfers are paid did indeed come to a halt toward the end of the '60s. According to Murray, though, *the* reason is that Great Society and War on Poverty programs came on line at the time, encouraging people to live on the new handouts rather than to look for work.

Now plainly there were, and are, some work disincentives in some social programs. But can these really be made to explain the persistence of poverty—let alone its increase in every one of the last five years? For Murray, the statistics demonstrate a one-to-one relation between antipoverty programs and the intractability of poverty: the former are the well-intentioned cause of the latter, and this can be demonstrated by the numbers. We had better look at those famous numbers, then.

Murray says black male labor force participation has decreased dramatically—that is, blacks have been simply opting out of the job market. He's right. In 1955, 85 percent of black males were in the labor force as were 85.4 percent of white males. By 1981 the black rate had plummeted by almost 15 points, down to 70.6 percent, while the white rate had declined only half as far, to 77.9 percent. It is also true, as Murray says, that between 1969 and 1981 there was a 7-point drop in black male labor force participation, which fits in nicely with the thesis that the social programs are the villain. The trouble is, there was a downward shift of 7.4 percent between 1955 and 1968. In other words, before the programs came on line the drop was actually *larger* than it was after.

That last anomaly, however, is almost minor compared to one of Murray's basic statistical and interpretive assumptions. He takes blacks as representative of all the poor; and he takes black males of working age as representative of all blacks. However, if one looks at the most recent census data, for 1983, black males between 16 and 65 who are poor make up barely 10 percent of the total poverty population, male and female, white and nonwhite, in that age group. Why does the 10 percent stand for the 90 percent, particularly when its experience is atypical?

Consider, for example, black women. They are even more exposed than men are to the supposed work disincentives of social programs, since they can qualify as mothers for Aid to Families of Dependent Children. Therefore their labor force participation rate decline has been greater than that of their brothers, right? Wrong. Their labor force participation rate *increased* between 1955 and 1981, by 7.5 percent—and more than half of that progress occurred after 1968 (4.3 percent after the social programs as compared to 3.2 percent before).

When one goes back to the black males, things are not quite as straightforward as Murray suggests. On two occasions he skirts around evidence that totally undercuts his own reading of the numbers.

First, *Losing Ground* recognizes that there has been an enormous increase in the number of people getting Social Security disability benefits—a program started in 1957, during the Eisenhower Administration. Even though the rise in beneficiaries before the social programs of the 1960s was greater than after, Murray cites the rise in beneficiaries of this Eisenhower-era program as one more proof of how the work ethic has been corrupted by '60s social policy.

IN A FOOTNOTE unrelated to his interpretation, Murray mentions two quite technical analyses by Donald Parsons in the *Journal of Political Economy* and the *American Economic Review*. He should have read them more carefully.

Parsons takes the very same labor force participation data used by Murray and explains a good part of the drop in black male participation by the fact that so many black males qualified for the disability program. Indeed, the disability program—begun, remember, by Eisenhower, not Lyndon Johnson—accounts for 48 percent of the family earnings of blacks not in the labor force. Welfare contributed only 10.4 percent.

But can't we still cite the drop in black male participation to buttress Murray's point: black males dropped out because of the general atmosphere of work disincentives created by the Great Society? The problem is, the trend

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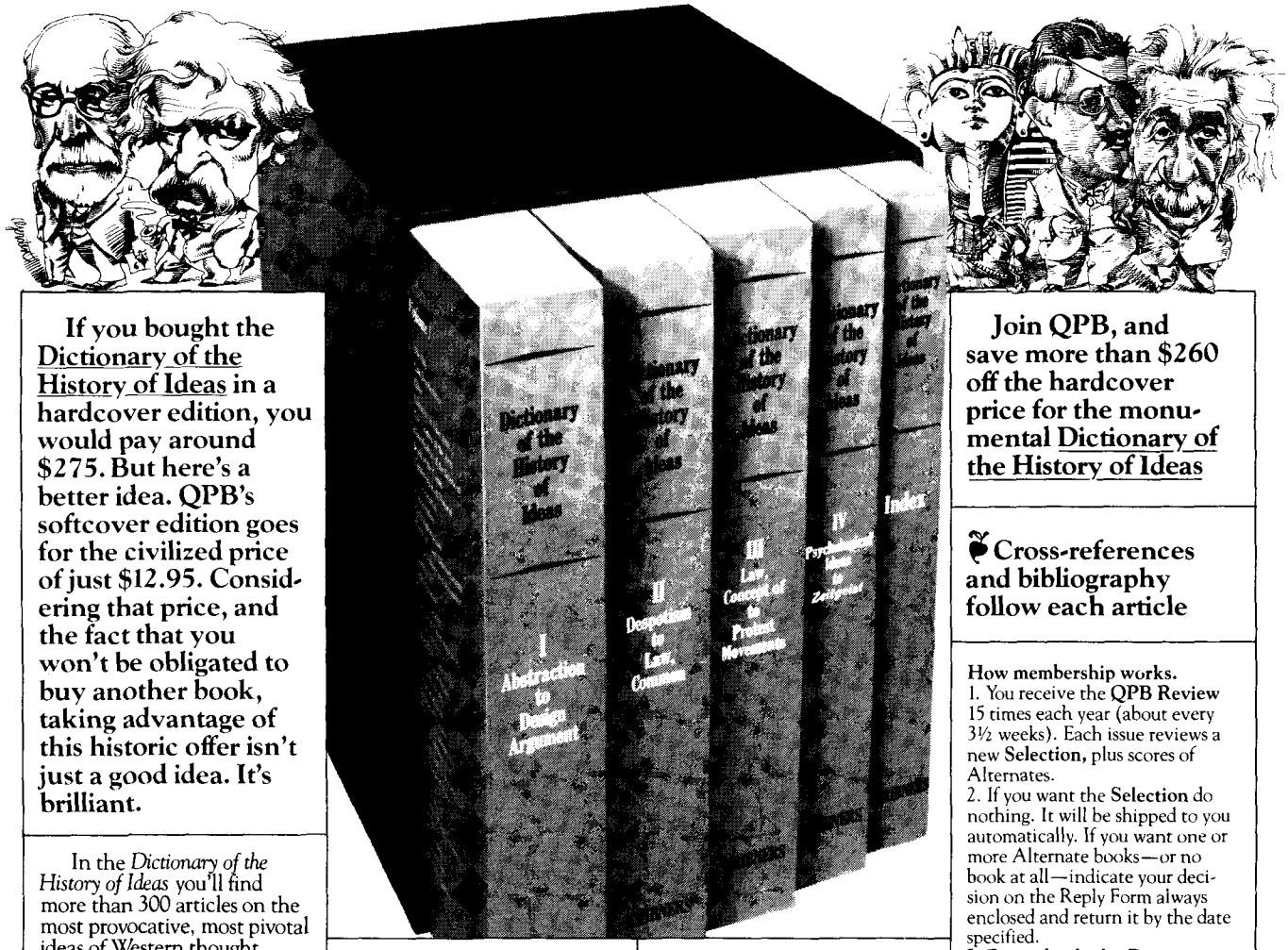
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began in the '50s. And even more to the point, one of the reasons blacks receive disability benefits at a higher rate than whites has been that blacks are . . . more disabled than whites. But couldn't that be just a case of malingering? Using government data, Parsons shows that people in the nonparticipation population die earlier than those in the labor force. It's hard to imagine even the most dedicated welfare chiseler going that far.

Disability has been anything but an academic issue in recent years. The Reagan Administration moved to cut half a million of the beneficiaries from the program, but there were so many cruelties in the process that even some U.S. Attorneys appointed by the Administration refused to defend its actions. The White House attempted to shift the blame to the Democratic Congress, which had voted to tighten up the system before the Reaganites came in and tore it apart. Now there is bipartisan agreement that there is not a huge population of disability cheats. Parsons anticipated this belated discovery. He concluded that when one takes account of the fact that black workers are poorer than whites as well as more disabled, one "eliminates any statistically significant differences in the participation rates of black and white males." Strange that such an article should be footnoted in a book that insists that there is an enormous statistical difference between the rates and that it is one of the most important proofs of the disastrous consequences of Great Society programs.

Murray routinely cites A.F.D.C. as another great work disincentive. He talks of "the stereotypical welfare mother—never married, no skills, small children, no steady help from a man." But, as David Stockman summarized current research in testimony before Congress last year, about half of A.F.D.C. mothers leave the system—by getting a job—within two years. They turn to A.F.D.C. not because they reject the Protestant work ethic, but because a man deserted them and their children; and they return to the larger society through acting on the Protestant ethic. Only about 15 percent of the "welfare mothers" remain on A.F.D.C. for eight years or more; and even though the real value of A.F.D.C. guarantees has been declining since 1969, I am perfectly willing to assume that there is a work disincentive effect in at least some cases. But it cannot explain more than a fraction of the persistence of poverty. Murray makes no reference to the hard data on the successes of Head Start, Federal Aid to Education, and work training documented in John E. Schwarz's *America's Hidden Success*. Charles Silberman's *Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice*, which completely controverts Murray's readings of the crime and punishment numbers, is not even mentioned. And so on.

HOWEVER, I do not want to write a scholarly footnote on statistical trends, but to raise a serious social and intellectual question of the time. Some of the reviews of Murray's book challenged his extremist policy proposals for doing away with all social programs for working-age Americans but said that his factual argument was sound. But one can't have it both ways. If Murray's reading of the data is right, his conclusions are inexorable. If the poverty programs can be empirically demonstrated to have caused poverty, then they should be abolished. But Murray's reading of the data is not right—and I have cited only a few illustrations of his numbers. The average citizen—even the average reviewer—cannot be expected to follow up footnote references to articles in the *Journal of Political Economy*.

Still, the anomalies in *Losing Ground* should at least make people wary, should tell them that sixty-five pages of tables, notes, and bibliographic references are no guarantee of an accurate reading of the facts and the books. I am, admittedly (and proudly), an intellectual militant as well as a scholar, and I state my biases up front in every book so that the reader can know the prior conclusions that guided my eyes over the pages of data. I don't really propose a Truth in Statistics law requiring a Surgeon General-style warning on the jacket of any volume that crunches social numbers. I just want to suggest that the buyers of statistical arguments about social issues follow that most capitalistic of rules: caveat emptor.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Michael Harrington, co-chair of Democratic Socialists of America, wrote about Norman Thomas in the January 7 & 14 issue of TNR. His latest book is *The New American Poverty* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston).

THE PRESS

YUPPIE LOVE

CONNOISSEURS of the ultra-stupid newsmagazine "social trend" cover story are still buzzing over *Newsweek*'s December 31 "Year of the Yuppie" issue. No doubt it will quickly take its place alongside such recent classics as *Time*'s look at America's "ice cream craze" and last year's *Newsweek* cover on "the Cabbage Patch mania." But some are daring to ask: Will it one day ascend to that awful pantheon containing the best of the worst, joining *Time*'s 1967 cover story on "The Hippies: Philosophy of a Subculture" and the 1976 assessment of "the mood of the nation"? In short, are we possibly talking here about the worst cover story of the decade?

It certainly has all the fundamentals, plus those special extras necessary for greatness. Most important, the subject is old news. Granted, there are many who can never get enough of this kind of thing, like those people quoted in the story, and people (myself included) who read it—carefully and many times—for the same reason they went to see *The Big Chill*: as a source of cathartic loathing. But now that the issue is off the stands, I'm worried about the

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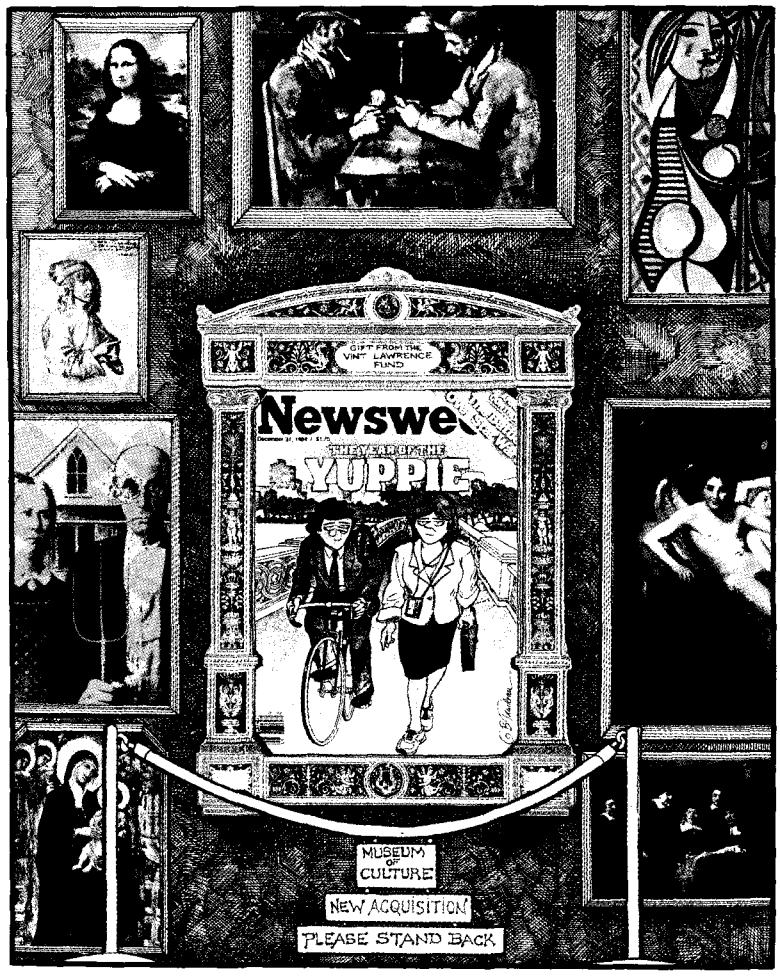
many awful-cover-story fans who may have overlooked this one because of the holiday rush, the subject matter, or the "Doonesbury" cover. Please: rummage through the trash, go to the library, write *Newsweek* for a back issue. Whatever it takes, it's worth it.

You'll quickly find yourself asking the first question every bad newsweekly story raises: "Why *now*?" Well, in this case, Gary Hart's quick rise and fade may have left *Newsweek* holding a bag full of bureau reports and looking for a "news peg." Or perhaps the story was bounced from week to week by real news. Whatever the reason, it appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, on the weakest of pegs. Was 1984 really "The Year of the Yuppie"? The article argues: ". . . this was a very good year for them. It was a year in which a presidential candidate, Gary Hart, seemed to crystallize their own vehement impatience with the past—but, happily enough, one in which the candidate of prosperity actually won the election." Furthermore, Yuppies are now shown in TV commercials, "Doonesbury," and *The Yuppie Handbook*, and they finally "learned who they were" because columnist Bob Greene named them. Hmm-mm. O.K., I'm convinced.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

And of course, it is a cover-story axiom that the "trend" itself must be questionable. This is not to deny that people who would gladly and proudly identify themselves as "Yuppies" *do* exist. But is the country actually being taken over by a vast army of trendos who, according to the story, are madly wallpapering Victorian houses, "racing toward the newest wine bar in a Saab," and saying, "I'm totally infatuated with the world of real estate—It makes me feel smart and gives me control over my life"? Fortunately, no. My guess is that there are about 113 such people nationwide—and *Newsweek*'s bureaus are to be commended for finding 12 of them.

A corollary is that the story must obey the important Law of Trend Inversability, viz., given like social conditions in the United States, if so assigned, the same reporters, writers, and editors, in the same time period, could have written an equal and opposite cover story: STILL CARING AFTER ALL THESE YEARS—THE '60S GENERATION KEEPS GOIN' AND GROWIN'.

Also, point by point, the article itself provides a textbook example of the "social trend" genre, starting with:

The Thundering Lead. Imagine that you are *Newsweek* trend-writing ace Jerry Adler. The Cabbage Patch piece is behind you and, frankly, a lot of people, yourself included, are starting to ask, "What's next?" Then from on high comes the "Yuppie" assignment. The bureaus are alerted—they file hundreds of pages with quotes from Yuppie jerks. Now it's up to you. This is it. It's a big story, and it requires big, big prose:

"It is on the move again—that restless vanguard of the baby-boom generation, continually reinventing itself as it conquers the undefended decades of the 20th century. In unruly ranks assembled, its members marched through the '60s, then dispersed into a million solitary joggers, riding the crests of their own alpha waves, and now there they go again, barely looking up from the massed gray columns of *The Wall Street Journal* as they speed toward the airport, advancing on the 1980s in the back seat of a limousine."

Excellent, but where do you possibly go from there? Straight to:

The Baffling Statistics. Throughout this story there is confusion about whether *only* ex-Hippies/Activists-turned-materialist-peeg can qualify us as Yuppies—as in the lead—or whether . . . well, it gets confusing. At first Yuppies are part of that "great surge in American fertility" between 1946 and 1964—but only that part making $40,000 or more a year (that according to the California "think tank," SRI International). But no, that's too narrow a group to write a cover story about—only 1.2 million such people live in cities. How about the 20 million "baby boomers" who went to college and have white-collar or technical jobs? Better, but be sure to mention "Yumpies," a group which includes the *rural* young professionals and excludes "Preppies," who were "born at the top" and therefore don't need to "mobe" upwardly, as

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Yumpies do and Yuppies don't. But wait, there are also some annoying downward mobility statistics to contend with—the Research Institute of America think tank has found, for example, that "the median income for families in the 25-to-34 age bracket fell 14 percent (in constant dollars) from 1979 to 1983." But later there is the argument that the classic Yuppie, for marketing purposes, is *single*. True, excluding those (in constant per capita units) who are married. . . .

Well, this maze of statistics goes on for a while. How to get out of it? Easy. Remember how *Newsweek* slipped out of the Hitler "diaries" noose: "genuine or not, it almost doesn't matter in the end. . . ."? The technique is called *Plastering*: "But if Yuppies change the world, it will be through the force of example, not weight of numbers. Their strength is as the strength of 10, because they want it all so badly, a quality that doesn't show up in the statistics."

Closely related to this type of transitional patching-up is the *Gloss Over It*! technique. For example, *Newsweek* apparently decided in advance that Yuppies, being a fitness-crazed group, drink and smoke less than other Americans. Fine. But what about drugs? Though this topic wasn't mentioned, *somebody* out there—probably somebody with money, a hectic schedule, and a manic drive—is buying lots of cocaine. Is it the blue-collar worker? High school students? Our parents? No, but one of the Yuppies assures us it's not them either: ". . . and [Rob] Lewis adds that his Yuppie friends don't seem to take a lot of drugs." Subject closed.

Like all great cover stories, this one has plenty of *Asinine Quotes* that seem too good to be real:

"We [Yuppies] seem to be moving every minute. If we lose our appointment books, we're through. Too often, we are so preoccupied with the destination, we forget the journey." And—

"The way you look is very important. Sometimes I think it is more important than what you can do." And my favorite—

"Our professions have become very important to us, and we're willing to perhaps sacrifice other things for them—marriage, families, free time, relaxation. Our marriages seem like mergers, our divorces divestitures."

Know anybody who talks like that? Personally, I don't believe the people quoted in this story exist, and I *won't* believe it until someone brings me proof. Their heads on a platter will do nicely.

FINALLY, a point about style. This cover story is chock full of the *Cleverisms* that are the most highly prized tidbit of the true fan: ". . . slipping from the jogging path of life"; "a state of Transcendental Acquisition"; "Beauty is Truth, and Truth is Beauty, which is why their most eloquent symbol is the Rolex watch, which has both"; and "Put 10 Yuppies in a room, and they'll come out with a Tex-Mex restaurant" (oops, sorry—that one belongs in the *Non Sequitur* category).

And just think, those are all from the main story alone. There are *four* related articles, and I've just touched on a few major motifs. So go and read the story all the way through—an evening of pleasurable spleen awaits. And when you've finished, please attend to my List of Demands. I trust they won't need repeating:

One: "The Year of the Yuppie" is over, so everybody stop using the term. And no more Yuppie advertisements.

Two: No Watergate-like "term cloning" either, even as a joke. That is, no "gray upwardly mobile professionals" ("Grumpies") or "Frumpies"—fatso rural upwardly mobile professionals.

Three: Well, this is really off the subject, but I don't like B.Y.O.B. parties where you have to wear a funny hat.

ALEX HEARD

Alex Heard is a young urban professional writer in Washington.

The truth about Yuppies
'Newsweek' wouldn't tell you.

POSTGRAD CULTURE

WE ARE NOT just lawyers, doctors, or MBAs. We *know* something. What is it we know?

We could write the books of Paul Theroux or John Fowles, we think, if only we had long afternoons to walk in the park or sit by our typewriters and smoke cigarettes (except we do not smoke). But maybe our powers have shriveled. Worse still, maybe we'll never know. Overeducated for the work we do, and overworked for the education we have: that is our condition—our postgraduate culture.

The objective correlative of our condition is the postgraduate library. The pages of those paperbacks from college have started to turn a ghastly yellow-brown that spreads from the edges like cancer. Those copies of Orwell's *Essays* or Marcuse's *Eros and Civilization* are precious, but we dare not reread them. They might crumble in our hands. But they don't belong in a condo with track lighting and a Cuisinart.

Postgraduate culture is a late-night affair. Maybe 10 P.M. to 11 P.M. is its true Miller time. At this hour, after the first beer, or the second, the postgraduate dreams of writing the great American novel. In fact, he would not have time to read such a novel, much less write it.

He has a series of one-night stands with the great books. He starts *Middlemarch* determinedly, and the first night takes him through a hundred pages. But the next night he must write a brief on the Glass-Steagall Act or go to a nouvelle cuisine restaurant or watch "Masterpiece Theatre." George Eliot requires long afternoons. The postgradute has

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STOP SMOKING IN ½ HOUR FLAT

Even Though You Really Don't Want To Quit!

That was me. A pigheaded, "didn't want to quit", die-hard smoker. Trapped in an aggravating love-affair—with cigarettes.

Openly, I cursed their choking grip on me. Inwardly, I was totally unwilling to do anything else but puff away. Your typical chain-smoker wildly raving about kicking the habit—*and not meaning one single word.*

It was a joke. Unfortunately, the laugh was on me. The grim warnings of the Surgeon General, the American Cancer Society, and my worried doctor all went in one ear and out the other. My tobacco addiction was like a runaway train. Completely out of control and destined for disaster. *Unstoppable!*

Me give up smoking? Better ask for my right arm!

Every so often, I would make a good old college try at quitting cold turkey. Before you could say "Jack Robinson", there I'd be. Frantically scrounging in the garbage for soggy butts. As usual, my good intentions went up in smoke. I was hooked—*again.*

Who was I kidding? Smoking was an undeniable necessity. Super-important to my daily life. How I enjoyed that first eye-opening drag in the morning—that satisfying end-of-the-meal lighting up —that nerve-settling inhalation when things got hectic. Me give up all these irreplaceable pleasures? Better ask for my right arm!

Cancer or no cancer, doctor or no doctor, I loved smoking much too much to ever stop. But one day, I discovered a secret that turned my burning passion into red-hot hate. A secret that set me free in just 30 minutes flat. *Not a single cigarette in 20 years!*

Freed me in 30 minutes! Not a cigarette in 20 years!

My smoking is past-history. Gone without hypnosis, behavior modification, pills, drugs, classroom courses, nail-biting, will-power or climbing the walls. Gone without such games as switching brands, chewing gum, fake candy, diary-keeping or saving dirty stubs in a messy jar.

Gone, too, without gaining an extra ounce. Matter of fact, my wife says that I even lost a couple of pounds. And I never felt better.

Running into an old buddy brought back memories of those "didn't want to quit" days. This 3-packs-a-dayer had tried everything but still couldn't stop. He begged me to outline the details of my remarkable secret.

That night, I wrote it out in plain, step-by-step language anyone could understand and mailed him a copy. After it did the trick for my buddy, he told some of his friends. Soon, I was hunted out by pleading strangers for the same "Stop Smoking Secret."

If you can lick a stamp, you can lick your cigarette habit just as I—and they —did. I know what it's like to have that compelling urge to light up. And I know what it's like to be able to smilingly pass it by without pangs of yearning.

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Simply send for my "Stop Smoking Secret" and read it. Yes, it's as easy as that. Just *read* it. I can't tell *how* it works. It just *does*. I guarantee it, with no strings attached.

Guaranteed to work— or your next pack's on me!

If you ever start smoking again after reading my secret—and I mean *ever*— you haven't lost any money. Merely return it for a full, every-penny-back refund plus $1 extra for a pack of cigarettes! *My treat!*

OK. I know exactly what's running through your mind. Even with my fool-proof, risk-free, money-back plus guarantee, you're still looking for a way to get out of sending for my secret. You can't fool me. It's not the money. You'll pocket 100 times your investment in cigarette savings alone. The bottom line is this: You really don't want to quit—*and you'll do anything to avoid it.*

But just this once, listen to that little voice inside your head. Just this once give in to your common sense and give my secret a "look." Watch it automatically work for you in the only way that counts. Permanent no smoking! *Or your next pack's on me!*

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OK—I'll take a risk-free look. Here's my $10. Rush the "Stop Smoking Secret." If I ever start smoking again, I can return it for $11 refund. (That's $10 back plus $1 extra for a pack of cigarettes—*GUARANTEED*!)

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just one of them, Sunday, and that's reserved for squash.

So instead of novels, the postgraduate may have time only for a fragment from Pascal or Nietzsche. Or something else at random (page 23 of *Ulysses* this week, page 405 next week). And when his concentration hits bottom, he can look at the pictures of the Fabergé eggs in *Smithsonian*. In short, postgraduate culture has a hard path (Hannah Arendt, etc.) and a soft path (Barbara Tuchman, etc.). But some of us just decide to lie down in the middle of the road.

The literary cornerstone of postgraduate culture is *The New York Times*, which now comes in a national satellite edition and is a kind of *International Herald Tribune* for the outer forty-nine states. The *Times* helps drain off the energies that once went into serious reading. No one is a true participant of postgraduate culture unless he spends almost all of his spare time reading what is, really, only a newspaper.

The *Times* reports not just the old-fashioned news but the new postgraduate news, which covers subjects like OPEC, Arrow's theorem, G.N.P. deflators, Günter Grass's critics, and the obsolescence of the silicon chip. That is, it covers the subjects in which *Times* readers got their best grades. Only the *Times* can explain the world at just the right speed, with just the right degree of complexity, to its postgraduate audience. It first did so, some believe, in 1975, during New York's fiscal crisis. It turned that story into a daily seminar on bond markets, municipal budgeting, and other esoterica. With that story, the *Times* had found a new number-crunching generation of readers.

Ever since, the *Times* has been crunching numbers for bigger and better catastrophes. The productivity crisis is a good example. When today's postgraduate was a '60s flower child, he feared that hardworking "Middle America" would try to repress him. Now he fears that Middle America is not so hardworking, and *he* would like to reimpose the work ethic, to keep the declining productivity of Middle America from threatening his standard of living. The postgraduate is still estranged from the heartland.

The spiritual home of postgraduate culture is Washington, D.C. It is "the big campus" where postgraduates flourish. Henry Adams is the precursor of the Washington postgraduate. *The Education of Henry Adams* is a prophetic book which speaks directly to him. Like the postgraduate, Adams hangs around Washington for nearly twenty years, but only at the fringes of power. He even buys a townhouse near Connecticut Avenue. In the best postgraduate style, he complains over and over that despite his credentials no one will put him in charge. He chaffs at being born fifty years too late for the good old days of J.Q. Adams et al., as some of us chaff at being born fifty years too late for the New Deal, the Brain Trust, et al.

Yet Adams at least could hope, in his day, that someone would put him in charge. Today his postgraduate descendants *are* in charge, but in a collective, anonymous way. That is the essence of the despair. No change of government can help them, because they are the permanent government.

Here is a modern-day *Education*, from entries in a postgraduate commonplace book:

(1/25) Back from the Caribbean. They do not really need me in investment banking. I have glimpsed life's possibilities. Which are the same as last vacation's. Doomed.

(2/13) In a secondhand bookstore: *The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page*, two vols., $1.75 each. If the telephone did not deplete us, we could justify our lives like Walter Hines Page, businessman and diplomat. Maybe my postcards to friends could be collected in two volumes. First volume: pictures. Second volume: messages on back.

(2/27) The new culture: *Brideshead Revisited*, first as a TV show, then as a book.

(3/4) Enough. Resolved to write a novel. Working title: *First Love*. Will be done in the manner of Turgenev. Partly about you-know-who.

(5/22) Pascal's problem: Man cannot stay quiet in room alone. Solution: TV.

(6/30) Tenth-year class report arrives in mail, full of scar tissue. Many short entries, with nervous air about them. Surprising number of men discuss their children. Very little on careers. "I am cultivating my garden. What's your excuse?"

(7/5) Little progress in writing *First Love*. Turgenev's manner not mine. Dreaming no help, same for insomnia.

(9/12) Current reading projects: Hodgson's *Venture of Islam*, volume one; Merton, *No Man Is an Island*; James, *The Bostonians*. Problem: how to turn down TV. A friend, not a postgraduate, asks me to recommend a book. Nothing to say.

(10/3) Recently met two British, Oxbridge types. Always sad. Bred to the ruling class, but nothing left to rule, thank god for our Midwest, etc. Read latest issue of *Economist*. Same judgment, breeding that used to go into running British Empire now seems to go into putting out magazine.

(11/20) Thoughts in checkout line: I am just as contaminated as anyone else by publications like *People*, *National Enquirer*, *Star*. Cannot help looking at the covers. Am reading them like anthropologist. Infinitely fine gradations to degradation—all one culture, top to bottom.

(12/8) Went to boutique bookstore. Moral equivalent of a singles bar: cappuccino, croissants, salade Nicoise, Spanish guitar music. Also some books.

(12/9) Returned to bookstore, picked up Karl Jaspers's *Plato and Augustine*. Uncracked copy. When I opened it, out fluttered note: "If you are interested in the ideas expressed in this book, please contact Joan R.—, Boulder City, Nevada." Looked around. No sign of her, or anyone who looked like a Platonist (cannot recognize an Augustinian).

(12/29) There is no postgraduate "literature," and never can be. Just a literary black hole, stuffed up with old office memos. Yet may be a literary heroism just in keeping certain books read. Also, keeping others unread. Like monks of a new Dark Ages, sifting the ashes of old college reading lists, building a heavenly city.

THOMAS GEOGHEGAN

Thomas Geoghegan is a Chicago lawyer.

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The lost romance of boxing.

PUNCH-DRUNK WRITERS

"IF ALI never opened his mouth to quiver the jellies of public opinion," wrote Norman Mailer of Muhammed Ali, "he would still inspire love and hate. For he is the Prince of Heaven—so says the silence around his body when he is luminous."

No more. Ali is 42 years old, still a young man, but there is a glaze over his eyes. His speech is slurred, his hands shake, his face droops, his memory is poor. He is suffering from Parkinson's syndrome. His doctors say that his condition is probably the result of his many years in the ring. Ali's luminosity is gone, and all those who knew him, and glorified his ruinous sport, should feel profound regret.

Three hundred and thirty-five fighters died from ring injuries between 1945 and 1979, according to *Ring* magazine. A recent study claims that 87 percent of all boxers eventually suffer some degree of brain damage. In December the American Medical Association passed a resolution calling for the elimination of the sport. The fate of Ali makes it painfully obvious that, at the least, boxing must be made much safer.

Regulation would take the smell of terror and death out of the ring. Only the writers would lose. Writers (especially in the male division) are drawn to those human dramas that provide just two possibilities: live or die. War is the great, uncontrollable field of action; boxing is war on artificial, but highly observable, human terms. No other sport is as primitive. There are no decorous uniforms, computer-drawn plays, or arcane rules. Whether by the artful artillery of the jab or a single bomb of the roundhouse, the object of this war is clear: to cause a "knockout," a temporary wound to the brain.

The tradition of writing about this warfare dates back to Homer and Theocritus, who described a bout between Polydeuces and Amycus—"their fists bound with thongs of force-giving ox-skin." The fascination has been greatest, however, among British and American authors. Lord Byron was a fight writer of the upper-class variety. He sparred in his rooms with John Jackson, a former heavyweight champion. He prized a Japanese screen on which he pasted a collage of boxers and boxing scenes. William Hazlitt, who was more a middle-class radical than an upper-class slummer, wrote the essay "The Fight" after traveling to see Bill Neate battle Thomas "the Gas-man" Hickman. Hazlitt describes the coachmen and the inns along the way, the swells "parading in their white box-coats," and the cornermen preparing their charges. Only near the end of the essay does Hazlitt actually describe Neate's charge and the Gas-man's deflation: "All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's Inferno."

Hemingway used a few boxers as characters in his work, and after writing hours he liked to challenge every writer and fighter he could. He blackened the eye of Wallace Stevens, and nearly got decked by Gene Tunney. But the best of the American fight writers was A. J. Leibling, *The New Yorker*'s orotund master of foreign correspondence, cookery, and press criticism. He took for his model neither Byron nor Hazlitt. Instead, he was enamored of Pierce Egan, the author of *Boxiana*, a massive work on English prizefighting in the early nineteenth century written in a gritty, realistic style. Like Egan, Leibling saw boxing as a vehicle for reporting on the poorer classes. And like Byron and Hemingway, Leibling could not resist the taste of glove leather. He sparred occasionally at George Byron's Gym on 57th Street looking, according to George Plimpton, "like a battleship jockeying around in a fjord."

BY THE TIME the subject fell to Mailer, Budd Schulberg, Plimpton, Wilfrid Sheed, and many others, boxing writers had become increasingly self-conscious. Boxing represented not only the clash between social classes but also one writer's confrontation with another. Plimpton challenged former light heavyweight champion Archie Moore to a three-round sparring match. When Moore bopped him flush on the nose, Plimpton's thoughts turned, of course, to literature. With blood flowing from his nose and tears flowing from his eyes, Plimpton looked beyond the ropes to the small crowd at Stillman's Gym: "They were slightly inhuman, I remember thinking, the banks of them staring up, and suddenly into my mind popped a scene from Conan Doyle's *The Croxley Master*: his fine description of a fight being watched by Welsh miners, each with his dog sitting behind him; they went everywhere as companions, so that the boxers looked down and everywhere among the human faces were the heads of dogs, yapping from the benches, the muzzles pointing up, the tongues lolling."

The literary competition at ringside became almost as fierce as it was in the ring itself. Never were the stakes higher than at the Ali-George Foreman fight in Kinshasha, Zaire, ten years ago. The bout drew not only the best columnists—Red Smith and Shirley Povich among them—but also Plimpton, Mailer, and Hunter Thompson (who never bothered to go to the main event). Mailer's account borrowed its title ("The Fight") and structure from Hazlitt and much of its texture from Conrad. The best fight in the book is Mailer's own bout with his literary predecessors. After jogging in the jungle with Ali one night, Mailer had a dark epiphany. Mailer was walking back to town when he thought he heard the roar of a lion. "What a perfect way to go," he thought. ". . . [T]o be eaten by a lion on the banks of the Congo—who could fail to notice that it was Hemingway's own lion waiting down these years for the flesh of

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Ernest until an appropriate substitute had at last survived?"

Lost in the soaring of the literary imagination is the possibility that one of the boxers will lose his life. When I covered boxing for *The Washington Post*, I witnessed a championship bout between Alexis Arguello and Aaron Pryor held in the parking lot of Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas. Within a round or two it was obvious that Arguello's strength was spent: his guard was down, and his feet were slow. Pryor's punches bent Arguello at the waist and made him hope the barrage would somehow stop. Arguello was losing badly but, as a former champion, he knew how to keep the referee from thinking the bout was over. Finally, he slumped to the canvas and stayed there for the ten-count. A fighter with less sense and more to prove might have died on his feet. But few fighters can depend on good sense for complete protection.

Ali's rumbling whisper and his slack expression should inspire something more than sympathy from the writers who have written his hagiographies. Profound changes in prizefighting may make *Boxiana* a duller book, but they would ensure that no more boxers linger in the pathetic stupor of punch-drunkenness or die in the ring.

DAVID REMNICK

David Remnick is a staff writer for *The Washington Post*.

'Shining Path' to a dark future.

POL POT IN PERU

OCTOBER IS customarily a solemn month in Lima. The city becomes preoccupied with the loosening of winter's persistent grip, and the passing of two of coastal Peru's greatest annual observances: the massive religious processions in honor of El Señor de los Milagros, Lord of Miracles, and the beginning of the bullfighting season. This past year, a relatively new event was also on the agenda. On October 16 thirteen candidates, twelve men and one woman, filed papers to run in next April's presidential elections. The official opening of their campaigns brought the country one step closer to a ceremony most Peruvians have not seen in their lifetimes: one elected government turning over power to a freely elected successor.

The campaign is likely to be exceptionally lively. The current front-runners are two charismatic rising stars from the political left. But Peru is a different country today from what it was four years ago, when it embraced national elections after twelve years of military dictatorship. Since 1980 the return of democracy has coincided with a protracted guerrilla war that has left nearly four thousand people dead, most of them civilians. Along with a disintegrating economy, the violent rise of the Maoist guerrilla organization Sendero Luminoso, or Shining Path, has shaken traditional Peru. There is a growing consensus that President Fernando Belaúnde Terry, who is prohibited by the constitution from seeking a second concurrent term, is bequeathing to his successor a country where the center is not holding.

Sendero Luminoso remains the most elusive movement of its kind in this hemisphere. The Belaúnde administration has attempted to attribute the group to foreign Marxist agents, international foundations, leftist priests, and the country's drug mafia. The truth seems more threatening. The guerrillas have not actively sought a broad base of popular support at home or international backing, and there is no evidence that it has received either. Based on the movement's sporadic propaganda, its military operations, what is known of its origins, and interviews with jailed guerrillas, it appears that Sendero Luminoso draws its special brand of nihilism from a fanatic dedication to Maoist fundamentalism. The group has spurned Peru's established Marxist parties, and seems intent not so much on overthrowing the government as on gradually destroying the society it represents. Guerrillas cite China's Gang of Four and Cambodia's Khmer Rouge as models.

Sendero Luminoso has concentrated its activities in Ayacucho, a vast and spectacularly desolate department running down the central Andes, some 250 miles southeast of Lima. It has been historically one of the most forgotten and impoverished regions in the country. Many of Ayacucho's 500,000 people belong to what Peruvian novelist José María Arguedas once called Peru's "fenced-in" nation. Those who live in small, isolated highland communities, many above 11,000 feet, have subsisted for centuries in hostility to or ignorance of "official Peru." They have neither roads nor public services. Nor have they had frequent or reassuring contact with the cultural, political, or economic life that is generally shared by the rest of the country.

IRONICALLY, it was the government's attempt in 1960 to atone for its chronic neglect that planted the seed of Sendero Luminoso. Hoping to make the University of Huamanga in Ayacucho City a model of higher education in the provinces, the government provided some of Peru's brightest young academics with handsome salaries to accept teaching positions there. Among those answering the call was Abimael Guzman, a promising philosophy professor. Over the next decade, Guzman and a coterie of students combined anthropological study of the region with an intense devotion to Mao and the writings of the late Peruvian Marxist José Carlos Mariátegui. They developed a rigid analysis of "feudal" Peruvian society, which they said had for centuries oppressed the Quechua-speaking Indian peasants. From Mariátegui they appropriated the term "Sendero Luminoso," and eventually founded a splinter Communist Party in his name. By the late 1970s, both the party membership (consisting mostly of students) and their leader—who is now revered

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by his followers no less than Mao, Marx, and Lenin—went underground. Sendero Luminoso resurfaced as a guerrilla movement shortly after the national elections in 1980.

The group has failed to establish a Peruvian Yenan in Ayacucho. Initially the guerrillas (who intelligence sources say now number between two thousand and seven thousand activists) quarantined the department by chasing special counterinsurgency police from the hinterland while executing provincial landowners, public officials, and assorted "spies." But since late 1982 approximately five thousand Peruvian troops have been stationed in Ayacucho. In effect, martial law exists throughout the region. With the arrival of the armed forces, sporadic bombings and guerrilla raids have given way to a series of seemingly senseless and shockingly gruesome massacres. Both the military and Sendero Luminoso have learned to exploit age-old suspicions festering among Ayacucho's remote and independent rural communities. When not executing recalcitrant peasants on their own, they have successfully encouraged civilians to arm themselves with stones, hatchets, and machetes, and to "defend themselves" from each other. Last April, at least seventy-seven men, women, and children were killed in the town of Lucanamarca, in what survivors described as a peasant raid led by a small group of armed guerrillas.

Over the last year an alarming number of disappearances and civilian murders in the thirteen provinces under military control have been attributed to government forces. Soldiers in Ayacucho have said for some time that they are instructed to kill Sendero Luminoso "sympathizers." Investigations of alleged military battles with guerrillas have turned up bodies of infants, young children, and elderly people. Last February the district attorney for Ayacucho, Jorge Zegarra, ordered the arraignment of twenty-six members of the counterinsurgency police for the murder of thirty-one peasants. The case, the first of its kind since the war began, has yet to come to trial.

ALTHOUGH Sendero Luminoso has not directly threatened the democratic government in Peru, the violence provoked by the guerrillas and the military has made democracy irrelevant for many Peruvians. Bombings and guerrilla attacks outside of Ayacucho, as well as a wave of strikes, has led President Belaúnde to impose a series of prolonged national states of emergency, suspending constitutional guarantees for all of Peru's 18 million people.

The current crisis has increased the visibility and, to some extent, expanded the definition of Peru's "fenced-in" population. In economic terms, the designation has come to apply not only to insular Andean highland communities, but to the cities as well. Peruvian economists now estimate that, with a 20 percent drop in per capita income since 1980 and an annual inflation rate pushing 100 percent, about two-thirds of Peru's urban work force survives by the grace of the country's burgeoning underground economy. An informal system for settling business disputes, complete with patronage and its own arbitration process, has become a dominant force in Lima's *pueblos jovenes*, the shantytowns which surround the city and contain half of its 5 million inhabitants. Some social scientists in Peru have traced this system to historical roots in the sierra, leading them to call its widespread acceptance a sign of the "Andeanization" of the country.

THE IMAGE OF "official Peru" is one of the chief casualties of the war and economic troubles. There is no better example of this than President Belaúnde himself. After being driven from the Presidential Palace in 1968 by the military coup, his reelection in 1980 was seen as a triumphant return to power. An architect by training, he is a man of uncommon personal courage and vision. He has spent decades journeying into the interior of Peru, bringing back with him grand, quixotic development schemes that he calls "National Projects." After passing many of his years in exile in the United States (at one point he taught at the University of Texas at Austin), he is well versed in the politics of this country and has proven an ardent defender of institutions such as a free press, which he reinstated shortly after his reelection.

Now 72 years old, Belaúnde has reacted to Sendero Luminoso and complaints from international human rights organizations as though they were personal affronts. Alternately outraged and apparently aggrieved by the guerrilla assaults, he has become increasingly unable to recognize that he cannot end the war by presidential decree. In June his offer to recall the military from Ayacucho in return for a truce was answered with a bloody guerrilla offensive all along the central Andes. An effort by Belaúnde's Partido Acción Popular to join with its conservative allies to unite behind one presidential candidate has disintegrated. Other than attempting to forestall the possibility of outright default on Peru's $13 billion debt, Belaúnde is expected to do little more than mark time until the elections.

Of the thirteen presidential candidates hoping to step into this widening gyre, the current favorite is Alan García Pérez, the 36-year-old leader of A.P.R.A. (Alianza Popular Revolucionario Americana). Though A.P.R.A. has been a powerful populist force on the local level in Peru for more than fifty years, it has yet to produce a president. García has worked hard to soften the party's militant image and, with the assistance of media consultants, to present himself as a South American version of Spain's Felipe González (a comparison already encouraged by their physical resemblance). Critics, overwhelmed by his emphasis on style over substance, have questioned whether he has the experience, acuity, or conviction to engineer fundamental changes in Peru. Thus far his strategy for dealing with Sendero Luminoso appears to be throwing money at development projects for the sierra.

García's principal rival in public opinion polls is 56-year-old Alfonso Barrantes, the Marxist mayor of Lima. Barrantes is an anomalous figure in Peruvian politics. Although his victory in municipal elections last November excited anxious speculation (*The Wall Street Journal* re-

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minded its readers in an editorial that "Peru is obviously a juicy target for international communism"), he has provided a stabilizing influence in the city. His presidential candidacy is unlikely to succeed in the face of opposition from the military and the small but influential conservative classes. But this traditional, humble former labor lawyer has mobilized previously disenfranchised voters and has provided a focus for the country's generally disorganized left. And he has been able to incorporate Lima's informal society—the street vendors, clandestine shop workers, and students—into a political system which entitles him, as mayor of Lima, to preside over the processions of El Señor de los Milagros.

The elections in April will be notable, if for no other reason than that they are being held. But democratic government, which the vast majority of Peruvians support, will not begin to reconcile the menacing contradictions dividing the country without incorporating that "unofficial" world that tenuously seems to hold it together. There is not a great deal of optimism that this will happen while Sendero Luminoso, far from either victory or disappearance, continues on what the guerrillas call their long march to power. As one leading political scientist in Lima said recently: "Peru is a country where the worst is coming."

PHILIP BENNETT

Philip Bennett, a staff writer for *The Boston Globe*, is a former editor of the *Lima Times*, Peru's English-language newspaper.

How the breakup is helping AT&T—at your expense.

OFF THE HOOK

BY GREGG EASTERBROOK

MY PHONES aren't working properly. Last year I could have made one call to an evil, bloated monopoly, and they would have been fixed promptly at no charge. This year C&P Telephone told me I might have defective "customer premises equipment"—the phones themselves—which is no longer C&P's problem. A serviceman would be sent only after the phones had been checked. (Pardon me, Captain Yossarian.) So I called AT&T Information Systems, from which one of my phones is leased, and was told I'd have to transport the suspect C.P.E. to a Phone Center Store myself. Or I could mail it in at my own expense, and they would send a replacement—er, well—eventually. (By the way, you can't order phones over the phone. Thousands of businesses offer fingers-do-the-walking telephone shopping, but AT&T requires you to go to a Phone Center Store in person.) Unless the defect is in my other phone, which was purchased from ITT. Since the warranty on my ITT model expired approximately as I was opening the box, I might as well buy a new one, which would cost about the same as getting the old one (which may or may not be broken) repaired. So . . . once I invest $49.95 (I like the sturdy kind of phone you can slam down after someone refuses to talk to you) and an entire day of driving around town, C&P Telephone will send a serviceman to see why my calls aren't getting through—for $55 an hour.

Isn't it wonderful how they broke up Ma Bell to help the consumer?

And think of the money I'm saving! My basic phone service, which was about $8 a month till recently, is now about $13: if C&P's latest rate request is granted, my bill will rise to about $28 a month. Plus a $1 federal "access charge" due in June. Plus fifty cents a hit for long distance directory information, once free. Ma Bell interstate rates, in turn, have fallen 6.1 percent since divestiture. To come out ahead all I have to do is make $344.25 worth of long distance calls per month.

Five years ago the idea that 1984 would produce a wave of nostalgia for the phone company would have seemed as inconceivable as an oil glut. When Ma Bell was around, all we could do was complain about her: the phone company was a cultural synonym for arrogance, incompetence, and abuse of the little guy. Consumer activists scarcely could pronounce the name AT&T without asperity. Yet AT&T was supplying indisputably the best and cheapest telephone service in the world. In Japan a residential phone installation could cost $800; in France the waiting period for extension lines ran about two years; in no other country except Canada was instant access to dial tones taken for granted. And now, rid of Ma Bell, we finally begin to see what had been right under our noses: that the evil monopoly had been systematically manipulating telephone rates for the purpose of subsidizing the little guy and soaking the well to do.

Gregg Easterbrook is a staff writer for *The Atlantic*.

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"Before divestiture we had an industry where no company could get rich, because profits were controlled at a fair level, and a regulatory premise that every American ought to get a telephone as a gift from the tooth fairy," says Charles Wholstetter, chairman of the board of Continental Telecom, a $2 billion consortium which owns rural telephone companies, communication satellites, and similar ventures. "This system produced telephone service which was the envy of the world in quality and reliability, and placed all the financial strains on those who could best afford to pay. Would you please tell me why that was so horrible we had to break it up?"

FROM ITS BEGINNINGS until roughly the 1960s, AT&T had what economists call a "natural monopoly." There was no sensible alternative to copper wires for telephone transmissions; having many companies build competing networks would have been an extravagant waste of capital. AT&T also had an unnatural monopoly obtained through regulatory hanky-panky—the exclusive right of its subsidiary, Western Electric, to manufacture telephone equipment.

In exchange for monopoly status, AT&T had been subject to regulation. When the Federal Communications Commission was founded in 1934, it pressed for a rate structure under which most of the cost of equipment used jointly by local and long distance callers would be assigned to the long distance rates. Assigning costs was a toss-up anyway; since household wires can be used for local or interstate calls interchangeably, what share of the expense "belongs" to which type of call?

Ma Bell went along with the arrangement. Having a full monopoly, it didn't care who was subsidizing whom so long as the net contained profit. Of equal importance, the company viewed low residential rates as essential to its goal of getting the entire country hooked up. Today nearly everyone has a phone, but during the first half of the century, AT&T was not at all certain it would be able to sell its idea of a phone in every pot. (In 1940 only 37 percent of households had phones.) Forcing well-heeled users to pay most of the freight would also subsidize installation so that individuals joining the system would not need cash up front. "Rates were deliberately and openly designed to achieve the goal of universal service," Charles Brown, chairman of AT&T, has said. "These effects were disbelieved or ignored until recently." Brown estimates that just before the breakup on January 1, 1984, residential service on average cost the phone company $26 a month, far more than the average local rate.

Big-business customers weren't wild about the idea of subsidizing you and me. But what else could they do? Until the 1960s, their only alternative was burying zillions of miles of copper wire. Communication satellites and microwave transmission changed that. Suddenly a large customer could afford to "bypass," building its own long distance network which would not be burdened by subsidies to local rates.

At the same time equipment manufacturers were beginning to voice objections to Western Electric's sweetheart deal. Every attempt by independents to make phone gear, no matter how peripheral, was attacked by phalanxes of Bell lawyers. Once Bell went to court to block manufacture of a little plastic cup one was supposed to slip over the mouthpiece for private conversations in a crowded office, saying it threatened no less than the integrity of the entire Bell system. During the 1960s Bell lawyers increasingly based their arguments on technicalities and loopholes. It became clear that Bell manufacturing divisions were fat and smug, clinging to basic product designs as though they had been handed down to Moses. AT&T's major project innovation of the period was the Princess phone.

Thus it was pressure within the business community, not from consumers, which began AT&T's downfall. In 1968 the F.C.C. ruled that independent manufacturers could make phone equipment, and that firms like MCI could wholesale the new transmission technologies. AT&T responded by giving MCI a ridiculous run-around, as Bob Kuttner has explained in these pages ("Ma Bell's Broken Home," March 17, 1982). In 1974 Gerald Ford's Justice Department filed the antitrust suit that ultimately led to divestiture.

MA BELL settled the 1974 suit out of court. The ease with which AT&T gave in, and its Cheshire Cat grin upon emerging from "defeat," should have sounded warning klaxons. Bell agreed to sell off local operating companies like C&P; most, though not all, had belonged to the monopoly, the main exception being rural systems of the type owned by Continental Telecom. Operating companies would be regrouped under seven new regional holding companies. The regionals would handle local service and remain regulated; AT&T would become a manufacturer and long distance carrier, competing with MCI and others.

The residential subsidy was essentially eliminated. C&P, for example, got $748 million back from toll calls in 1983, but anticipates only $592 million in toll revenues this year. Ma Bell's battle cry was that it needed a "level playing field" relative to other interstate carriers. Always spared the subsidy, firms such as MCI and GTE had been getting a free ride, accounting for most of their price advantage; they were assessed only for "traffic sensitive" outlays—that portion of local equipment that would not be required if interstate calls didn't exist. One solution to this would have been to make MCI and GTE contribute to residential costs. Instead the opposite approach of not making AT&T pay either was adopted.

During settlement talks AT&T was able to portray itself as the aggrieved party, missing no opportunity to point out that divestiture was somebody else's idea. In truth, several AT&T factions had been panting to be thrown in the divestiture brier patch. Bell market analysts accurately foresaw that the coming digital explosion would open up many new categories of business. Trouble was, the same antitrust exemptions that forbade other companies from competing against Bell also forbade Bell from entering

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fields not related to phone service—with its guaranteed rates of return and ease of access to credit, AT&T might have smashed smaller companies in home appliances or breakfast cereal, and so on. Bell made the freedom to act like a regular manufacturer part of its price for consenting to divestiture; AT&T personal computers are now on the market.

Congress, as usual, didn't catch on until long after it was too late to do anything. Little happened in the months immediately following the settlement, when action might have had some impact. Only as the formal divestiture date approached did Congress start huffing and puffing.

At a joint House-Senate hearing in July 1983, numerous members of Congress made ringing speeches about how the breakup would clobber their constituents. Even Barry Goldwater called the breakup "potentially the worst thing that has ever happened to our national interest," but when Brown of AT&T was asked if divestiture could still be blocked, he coolly replied, "That ship has sailed."

ULTIMATELY Congress did nothing about divestiture, focusing instead on the F.C.C.'s "access charge" plan. The agency, supposedly the major actor in phone regulation, had not been consulted on the biggest phone decision of all time; some rookies from the Justice Department got all the action, and the F.C.C. was angry. Moreover, terms of the settlement set up U.S. District Court Judge Harold Greene as a kind of super-referee of communications theory—exactly what the chairman of the F.C.C. is supposed to be. Yearning to restore its authority, the F.C.C. started cooking up extra schemes of its own. Congress, in turn, since it controls the F.C.C. but not Judge Greene, zeroed in on access charges as a place to seem to do something dramatic without having to take on any of the major players.

The F.C.C. under Chairman Mark Fowler—a communications lawyer who won his position primarily on the strength of friendship with Charles Z. Wick—first decided to impose an access charge of $2 per month per residential phone, rising to about $4 per month by 1990. This charge would be for the privilege of paying still more; individuals will be assessed whether they made long distance calls or not. Since 1 in 6 households place no long distance calls in a typical month, and only 4 percent place more than $25 worth, almost everyone will end up a loser on the access charge alone—to say nothing of higher local rates, where the real money is. Even most businesses will end up behind on the charge alone, since 87 percent have long distance bills under $50. (Business access charges are somewhat higher; business local rates are also rising.) In a letter to Congress, the chief of the F.C.C.'s common carrier bureau, Jack D. Smith, cheerfully explained that since the local rates were in the process of tripling, added consumer costs from access fees would be small by comparison.

Access fees are intended to supplement local operating companies' lost subsidies by shifting more costs away from businesses which are in a position to bypass, onto individuals who are not. Each additional bypass would cause local rates to rise even further. In New York City just 5 percent of the New York Tel's customers account for 70 percent of its revenues. It appears that unless divestiture is altered by Congress, access fees are a necessary evil: having tasted a new system designed to serve their interests for a change, the big boys are not going to turn back the clock voluntarily.

Consumer groups now opposing access fees are being penny-wise and pound foolish, because in the deregulated environment, forcing down local monthly bills through political pressure will backfire. Over the long term a potential for consumer disaster exists as the price of bypass equipment falls enough that medium-sized companies, not just the Fortune 500, can afford it.

Congress postponed access fees until after last fall's elections, sparing itself political discomfort, and leaned on the F.C.C. to reduce the initial fee to $1: but it dodged the much more meaningful issue of local rates. In the wake of the settlement, C&P asked for a 130 percent residential rate increase in the District of Columbia, and 28 percent in Maryland; Southwestern Bell asked a 204 percent increase for Texas, Mountain Bell asked 201 percent for New Mexico, Pacific Telesis for a $1.36 billion total increase for California, including a 10 percent "rate surcharge." Though the new local operating companies have little choice but to increase rates—given the reduction in long distance income—they are relying on public confusion about deregulation to try to win very large rate boosts before the smoke clears.

So far the regionals have been acutely conscious of not cutting off service to poor or rural customers, since outrage over cutoffs might be the only factor that could galvanize Congress into action. A variety of plans involving "lifeline" phones and rural assistance funds seem likely to ensure that telephone ownership will remain nearly universal: the poor will still have phones, they just won't be able to use them. Message-unit billing policies, in which the consumer gets "dial-tone service" (a phone number) at a small fee and then pays per minute for local calls, are really devices to reduce rate shock—keeping the official cost of having a phone low while greatly increasing the cost of using that phone. Either way the working poor and the middle class are going to get socked.

MEANWHILE, mysteriously, the promised huge cuts in residential long distance rates have not materialized. At divestiture the traffic-sensitive fees, which all long distance carriers paid, were increased. This means that while AT&T (freed from the subsidy) now pays less to local loops, MCI and the rest pay more. Discounts at the cut-rate carriers have fallen to as small as 5 percent. MCI recently raised some prices, and it did so in the old Trust Your Mother fashion via a tiny box in its newsletter labeled "Rate Adjustment."

The regionals for their parts are getting ideas about metamorphism into tiny AT&Ts. U.S. West has gone into the real estate business. Bell Atlantic wants in to cable TV operations, and Ameritech is sprouting into a full-scale

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conglomerate with amazing speed. Headquartered in Illinois, Ameritech already has operations in states where it owns no phone companies. James Bauer, president of Ameritech's development division, told me the company aspires to offer "information transportation." Ameritech is involved in shared tenant services (allowing large office buildings to lease complete packages of phone service and switchboards), corporate financing, venture capital projects, and a "least-cost routing" computer that switches a business's long-distance calls to whatever carrier offers the best price that day. Since long distance transmission is a fungible commodity—what do you care who carries your call?—switchers may soon render everybody's rates exactly the same.

THERE CAN BE no doubt that that competition has breathed life into a once sluggish business. The regionals have begun laying fiber-optic cables which will carry far more information than copper, enabling computers to communicate with each other at much greater speeds. The system is being converted from the original electromechanical principle to digital transmission, which will also help machines talk to each other. (And this may render obsolete all those phones consumers have been buying in the last few years to save money, including the lovely decorator models with the speaker in the beak of a simulated wood grain duck decoy.) Battery-powered cellular mobile phones already enable someone walking down the street in Chicago to direct-dial Tokyo, and similar wonders are in the works.

Yet this new technology could have evolved without slam-blam divestiture. The pace of change would have been slower, but since present changes are coming faster than regulators or consumers can stay on top of them that might not have been so bad. AT&T can launch satellites too: and if it's true, as some contend, that new technologies will eventually make interstate calls extremely cheap, there's no reason why AT&T could not have switched to the new equipment, cut its costs and continued to profit while charging lower prices. (Bear in mind, when promised that large rate increases today will mean great bonanzas at an unspecified later time, that power companies promised electricity "too cheap to meter" if only customers would front the cost of nuclear plants.)

More important, in addition to almost all the new costs falling on the average householder, so far almost all the new benefits are flowing to big businesses and the wealthy who make frequent use of data transmission and similar services. And now there is no one with final responsibility for making the overall system work. Personal computer buyers quickly discover that the manuals for unit, printer, and software are written as if the other parts of the system didn't exist; and if something goes wrong with the only item users actually benefit from—having the whole computer work together—each component manufacturer says the other is to blame. Now it'll be the same for the phones, where all users really care about is whether the system works, not who made each part. As the new telephone firms try to blame each other for systemwide problems, and focus their attention on glamor fields like "information transportation," what will become of local service?

Divestiture may be well out to sea, but there are steps that could be taken to restore the old system's advantages while retaining the new one's innovative spirit. Congress could re-impose the residential subsidy and make it apply to all long-line carriers, while either forbidding businesses to bypass or requiring those that do to pay fees approximating toll charges. The regionals complain that such legislation would be unenforceable, although they give no persuasive reason why: having cowed Congress they want to keep it cowed, and so far are succeeding.

Meanwhile, the F.C.C. wants further tinkering in the name of doctrinal purity. Fowler has suggested removing rate-of-return restrictions on AT&T altogether, and making further changes that would shift more costs to individuals. It is interesting to note that after the zeppelin-lifting volumes of hot air the Reagan Administration has pumped about "user fees," the one place it is actually following through is the one place where user fees would hurt the poor and help the rich.

Is it an exaggeration for Goldwater to invoke the national interest? Possibly not. As Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon, another Republican, points out, "For the better part of 200 years, this country has had a policy of attempting to make transportation and communications available to everybody." Strictly from a market perspective, it's inefficient to build roads in Montana or phone lines in Nebraska, because greater numbers could be served at lower cost elsewhere. Yet building an American physical framework available to anyone, anywhere increases national unity and opens the door to the future. If the standards of the AT&T deregulation had been applied to road construction, Packwood notes, "There would be parts of this country that would have no highways."

ANOTHER NATIONAL INTEREST being lost in the shuffle is Bell Laboratories, whose scientists invented the transistor and over the years have averaged nearly one patent per day. Bell Labs had two marvelous features. First, since research was financed from a stable revenue base, it was able to hire the sort of slightly wacky mad-genius types who make for breakthroughs and turn them loose on projects with no immediate payoff. Second, because the underwriting was quasi-public, Bell Lab patents were available to all, including entrepreneurs who needed information from basic research but couldn't possibly finance their own block-long laboratory complexes. In fact, such companies, taking abstract ideas from Bell Labs and adapting them to market conditions, inspired much of the current telecommunications revolution. A better combination of public benefit and private initiative is hard to imagine. Now Bell patents are proprietary, and the labs are shifting toward short-term applied research. Of course, some new scientific force may arise to replace Bell Labs; it had no monopoly on thought. But it also wasn't broken. Why did we break it up? □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Heresies

Mass Appeal
(Universal)

The Falcon and the Snowman
(Orion)

For some time Jack Lemmon's chief problem has been scale. He has always had talent, lithe and foxy, but in recent years, excepting *The China Syndrome*, his acting seemed to be done under a magnifying glass, isolated from the others around him and enlarged past the character he was playing. A lot of those characters had similarities. Paraphrasing the scriptural vision of just men made perfect, Lemmon concentrated on imperfect men made just, as in *Save the Tiger* and *Tribute*. He does it once again in *Mass Appeal*: but this time, no magnifying glass. All the dimensions—vocal, physical, dynamic—are in proportion.

Here he is a Roman Catholic priest, popular in his parish, who is forced to examine his popularity, his standards, by the implosion into his life of a zealous seminarian, assigned as his deacon. The situation is familiar: the comfy middle-aged man who is made to face himself in a mirror held up by a young man—purer perhaps because he has had less time to wilt. But the setting is fresh; the author, Bill C. Davis, writes with authority and pungency; and Lemmon has felt every nuance of his role from the center to the perimeter but absolutely no further. His twinkly-eyed priest movingly confronts his consciousness of the twinkle.

The seminarian is played by Željko Ivanek, who has two distinctions. For a start, he's the first co-star in American film whose name is unpronounceable. Good grief, when Deborah Kerr made her American debut, the ads specified after her name "rhymes with star"—and that was an English name. What sign is it of our times that the publicists don't feel they have to help us with Željko? Second, and somewhat more important, Ivanek is distilling his strength. I've seen him several times, in the theater and in a previous film; always he was vivid but fuzzy. His technique is becoming cleaner. He is learning how to do economically, unegotistically, what he wants to do.

The performances of both the veteran Lemmon and of the growing Ivanek surely owe something to the director, Glenn Jordan, whose own work is greatly improved. After an extensive but not always sparkling career in TV and films, Jordan shows new ease. Some of *Mass Appeal* is over-edited: a dinner scene between the two clerics has many more shots and angles than it needs; Ivanek's key speech—about his search through worldliness to religion for a love that is constant—is split between shots of him and reverse shots of Lemmon, with the camera on Lemmon at precisely the high point of Ivanek's speech. But by and large Jordan's camera either flows along helpfully with the action or frames it invitingly.

Davis wrote the script from his own play, which I saw twice, off and on Broadway. The play has only the two main characters, and it takes place either in the priest's study or his pulpit. The young deacon's spiritual fire burns too hot for the cozily warm priest; it also disturbs the monsignor (unseen) who runs the seminary. The priest admits to his deacon that, because of his past conditioning, he badly needs the popularity he now has. When he first arrived here and failed to get it, he broke out in a rash everywhere except on his hands and face. "Whatever it was that kept the rash off my hands and face got me through." The younger man reveals that en route to divine love, he tried physical love with both women and men. Against the priest's advice, the young man admits this to the monsignor, who wants a chance to expel him and now seizes it.

The ending of *Mass Appeal* has had three forms. Off Broadway, which is the published form, the play ended with the priest appealing from his pulpit for the congregation to support the former seminarian; the priest disregarded any effect on his own career of his appeal. On Broadway his last sermon had him bravely facing the prospect of transfer because he supported the young man, feeling that the demotion might bring him back nearer to Christ. The film's ending is more like the first one, except that in the penultimate scene the expellee now has a line indicating that he may reach the priesthood anyway, through another seminary. The first version is obviously the harshest and truest.

The tone of the play is further altered because it has been "opened up" for film. Now it moves around the priest's church and home, the town, the seminary. Characters are added: the monsignor of course, the (absolutely stock) mother-hen housekeeper for Lemmon, a predictable sampling of parishioners, along with the trained-seal reactions of the congregation to various sermons. Also, we see Lemmon's Mercedes, often.

None of this is essential to the film's being as film. And since all this opening-up is trite, it is worse than inessential. More, the formal change subtly affects an unspoken theme. The compact shape of the play, compressing the older and younger man into one space as they discussed the priest's youthful

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Beverly Hills Cop. A conventional maverick story—about a lone detective out for revenge, against orders—becomes sly, sharp satire through Eddie Murphy's performance. (Reviewed 12/31/84)

Bizet's Carmen. Julia Migenes-Johnson is what we've always wanted Carmen to be. Francesco Rosi's production is the one we've always wanted to see. (10/1/84)

A Passage to India. Splendidly acted, splendidly made by David Lean. Obviously it's not E. M. Forster's novel (which you can stay home and reread); it's a cinema master's *film* adapted from the novel. (1/21/85)

Stranger than Paradise. Three young people spend their lives hanging out, but their lives have some surprises in store. Tart and intelligent. (10/29/84)

SK

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need for love and the seminarian's manifold experience of it, suggested a subtext of homosexual attraction. This gave the play a depth that, though Davis couldn't quite deal with the theme, made it more than an age-youth confrontation. None of the dialogue about sexual experience has been altered, but, because the play's tight shape is fractured, the subtext has leaked away.

And this makes the sexual theme seem egregious. The seminarian's avid Christian fervor would have been enough to get him in trouble with his superiors. The homosexual theme seems like flashy modern embellishment, now that the form no longer makes it resonate.

The Falcon and the Snowman is incredible in its turning point and in several of the developments that follow. This may sound like a strange critique of a screenplay based on fact; still, the story is not believable. Either some material has been omitted, or the very unbelievability should have been made part of the fact.

Steve Zaillian's screenplay comes from a book by Robert Lindsey, which I haven't read, about Christopher Boyce and Andrew Daulton Lee, two California youths who were found guilty of espionage in 1977. When we meet him, Boyce is a serious youth who, after a try at a seminary (!), gets a summer job in a code room at a defense plant. By accident Boyce discovers on his telex that the C.I.A. is manipulating foreign governments. Disillusioned with America, he steals secrets from his plant to sell to the Soviet Union. Here begin the flaws: the film omits the crisis of conscience during which Boyce agonizes and which he resolves by deciding to help the peace-loving Soviets in order to deflect U.S. imperialism. It also omits: Boyce's reason for choosing a drug-dealing friend, Lee, to peddle the information; how Lee scaled the walls of the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City and reached a top staffer; why the Soviets didn't tail Lee to learn the source of his material; how Boyce could sanely have expected to tie off this peddling in September, pocket his profits, and go on to a pre-law course at college.

The cast, who could perhaps have helped us to understand, are beneath comment. I note only that there must be a humanoid factory on the coast which turns out blonde young women, with whom this and other recent films have been decorated. The director, John Schlesinger, has come a long way—down, almost steadily down—since *A Kind of Loving* and *Midnight Cowboy*. Here his work is at best tritely professional, at worst vapidly portentous. But he does provide a first. Boyce's hobby is falconry, and Schlesinger gives us film's first subjective shots from a falcon's point of view.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Expanding Einstein's Universe

Eight years after its two performances at the Met in 1976, *Einstein on the Beach* was revived for one week in December as the climactic event of the Next Wave Festival at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It confirmed a now legendary reputation as one of the masterpieces of modern opera and theater. This extraordinary collaboration between the composer/lyricist, Philip Glass, and the conceiver/director/designer, Robert Wilson, has a spoken text devised by Christopher Knowles, Samuel M. Johnson, and Lucinda Childs (who also did the choreography). In these synthesizing collective hands, it represents one of those rare moments in cultural history when the most gifted people at work in the performing arts combine their resources to wallop us into an oceanic perception of our relation to the cosmos. Few contemporary works have penetrated so deeply into the uncreated dream life of the race. Pulling ecstasy from boredom, finding insight through repetition, alternating mechanical rhythms with pulsing climaxes, *Einstein on the Beach* manages to burrow into your mind and work on you like a wound.

Wilson and Glass have correctly identified Albert Einstein as the seminal maker of the modern consciousness who, over a relatively brief historical span, not only witnessed a major change in our understanding of physics and philosophy, but was himself largely responsible for it. Choosing random incidents from Einstein's life, the work creates a world where everyone is Einstein—not only the company, identically attired in baggy trousers, watches, suspenders, and tennis shoes, but also the white-maned, bushy-moustached solo violinist, who sits playing impassively on a chair—perhaps even the audience itself. Einstein's interest in time and light permeates the triadic structure of the evening. Following the initial "knee play," one of five connective episodes featuring Lucinda Childs and Sheryl Sutton as two automatons tonelessly repeating disconnected phrases, the first three acts alternate between Train, Trial, and Field sequences, inchoate evocations of Einstein's physics or biography. The earliest Train sequence opens on a boy on a tower, examining a plastic cube and floating paper airplanes onto the ground. He is soon joined by a woman (Lucinda Childs) dancing in spastic patterns across the stage, a boy listening to the sounds of the sea in a conch, and finally a cutout locomotive engine, driven by a pipe-smoking engineer, which moves at an infinitesimal pace onto the

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stage. This slow progress of a train, a vehicle normally identified with high rates of speed, suggests how the discoveries of Einstein, who may be the two boys in the scene, have altered our perceptions of time. Throughout the length of this evening, we are locked in the interstices of the temporal world, folded into the space between one millisecond and the next—forced to reflect how very slowly even the fastest earthbound objects move by contrast with objects in space or with the speed of light.

ONE MUST be willing to tolerate a different order of time in order to enter this work. In contrast with Samuel Beckett, whose recent writing is an effort to compress experience into a single essential image or phrase, Robert Wilson is dedicated to expanding our sense of what is permissible in the theater. Brief by contrast with some of his other works (one of which takes three days to perform), *Einstein on the Beach* is nevertheless something of an endurance test for the bladder. It not only lasts four-and-a-half hours by the clock (the audience is encouraged to wander in and out of the theater at will), but repeatedly emphasizies its own length. Numbers are the sole subject, for example, of the first and final sequences where choruses count backward and forward between one and six, and each gesture, each movement, is precisely calibrated to the second. Timepieces, furthermore, are everywhere on stage, and not just on the wrists of the characters. The centerpiece of the first Trial scene is a faceless clock, which is gradually eclipsed by a dark object, like the moon eclipsing the sun. Another stage clock runs backward. And that old-fashioned instrument of dimensional space, a compass, descends at one point to remind us how our traditional devices of earthly measurement have been radically altered by the new science.

The Trial scenes invoke the forms of the courtroom without the substance. In the first one, a woman defendant sits stonefaced on a high stool at a proceeding presided over by two bewigged judges—one an old black man, the other a child—while the spectators read newspapers and jiggle nervously, the robotic jury slumps, and two court stenographers mechanically run their fingers over recording machines—normal enough, except for the presence of a huge bed and a bolster in front of the judge's bench. In the next Trial scene, as the word "Bang" elides into "Bank," the defendant transforms into Patty Hearst, complete with beret, peacoat, and rifle (*Einstein* was first performed in the year of Hearst's conviction for robbery and terrorism). As she is being tried, sentenced, and imprisoned, she repeatedly intones snatches of that hypnotic incantatory dialogue that constitutes the text: "I was in this prematurely air-conditioned supermarket. There were these bathing caps that had these kind of Fourth of July plumes on them. . . . I was reminded of a time when I had been avoiding the beach." It is one of the few references to the mystical title, which was apparently inspired by an early photograph of the physicist on some distant seashore. In the associative manner of the work, we are reminded of the Nevil Shute novel *On the Beach*, set in some period after a nuclear catastrophe.

THE Field scenes (a reference to Einstein's unified field theory?) are essentially choreographed dances featuring the Lucinda Childs company, twirling to wild jazz saxophone riffs or frenetic Hebraic melodies played on a violin. Both climax with the appearance of a saucer-shaped spaceship floating overhead; the opera is gradually working its way toward outer space. A crowd gathers in front of an industrial warehouse, all of them—with the notable exception of a woman engrossed in a book—staring up at the top window of the building where a young person scribbles equations (you may safely assume that one of them is $E=mc^2$). In one of the most striking episodes of the entire evening, the huge bed from the Trial scene becomes a horizontal shaft of white polarized light which, to the accompaniment of powerful organ arpeggios, ever so slowly assumes a vertical position, levitates, and then gradually disappears into the flies.

The image reminds one of the mysterious monoliths in Kubrick's *2001*. In fact, the entire opera resonates with echoes of that seminal film. Kubrick contrasted the technological advances of the future with a profound anomie, where human feeling had atrophied and only Hal, the computer, was capable of having strong emotions. Wilson and Glass see the future as a series of spasms and dislocations, dominated by a language based on the speech of autistic children, dreams, solfeggio, and popular songs (notably Carole King's "I Feel the Earth Move"). What the two works have in common is a genius for imagining images for meditation, images that are unique and startling, yet somehow permanently enter our waking and dreaming lives: Kubrick's star child, for example—a placid embryo with huge eyes and folded stunted fingers—soaring endlessly through space.

In the splendid final scene before the final knee play, as the music turns demonic with Einstein sawing away on his violin, we are in an enormous spacecraft. Hibernating astronauts in transparent plexiglass boxes designed like modernistic grandfather clocks sail through space horizontally and vertically. In dozens of square cubicles, space workers manipulate patterns of circular and diagonal light. The Glass music transforms into a contemporary Hymn to Joy. The two women from the knee plays, still costumed like Einstein, emerge from plastic bubble-like cocoons in a semisupine position, bound to the floor. And suddenly a drop falls, decorated with an etching of an airplane, a large explosion, and an undecipherable text that gradually comes into focus. It is the Enola Gay, and the text is an account of the Hiroshima disaster. We have been shuttled through history from locomotives to rocket propulsion, from paper airplanes to space travel, from firecrackers to nuclear explosions—all in the lifetime of a single man of genius.

AND yet, as the final knee play suggests, not everything has changed. The music and lyrics reprise the numerical countdown with which the opera began; it is now ineffably melancholy. A streamlined cutout bus moves slowly into view. Speaking into his microphone, the driver describes not the passing scenery, but rather a "soothing story to banish the perplexing days." It is an "old, yet new story, the old, old story of love." He tells of two lovers sitting on a park bench in silence, their bodies touching, holding hands in the moonlight, saying "You are my sun, my moon and stars, you are my everything." To estimate the scope of this feeling, you must count the stars, measure the heavens, for it is a sensation beyond language, beyond physics, a passion that maintains its elegiac force throughout all technological change, despite all scientific discovery.

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Not all the elements of this monumental work are equally dazzling. A feminist parody by the judge in the second Trial scene seems rather out of place; I don't understand the relevance of the Patty Hearst sequence; and I'm unsure of the cogency of a long episode in a train caboose involving a man and woman in 1920s dress clothes (the Einsteins on honeymoon?) which culminates with the woman wielding a pistol. Still, even these lacunae compel attention because the control is so confident and the material so evocative. Robert Wilson is an artist who paints magnificent images in motion and Philip Glass is a composer who drives musical nails into your soul. Together, with a dedicated cast and the magical lighting of Beverly Emmons, they have fashioned a piece that launches the theater into new dimensions of the unknown, propelling our imaginations into the expanding universe of art.

EDWARD ROTHSTEIN ON MUSIC

Explaining Einstein's Universe

When I first saw *Einstein on the Beach* in 1976 at the Metropolitan Opera House, I was stunned. I had not seen a contemporary work like it, and had been prepared for its style only by a profile of Robert Wilson that appeared in *The New Yorker*. When it returned to the Brooklyn Academy of Music last month, I knew what to expect. Between these two occasions, I had seen a half generation of works inspired by it and its minor predecessors, "avant-garde" compilations of imagery, spiced by minimalist repetitions and rock-style instrumentation. In between had also come two other operas composed by Philip Glass, without Mr. Wilson—*Satyagraha*, which I saw in Buffalo and Brooklyn in 1981, and *Akhnaten*, which received its New York premiere in November at the New York City Opera. Mr. Glass has called his three works a "trilogy" whose themes are (respectively) "Science, Politics, and Religion," each centering on a seminal figure: Einstein, Gandhi, and Akhnaten, the ancient Egyptian ruler who has been credited by some with being the first monotheist.

So this *Einstein* was not heard just on its own terms. It was the apotheosis of a style. It was also part of a series at the Brooklyn Academy called "The Next Wave," which included other examples of performance art and "minimalist" music. And it was the beginning of a trilogy meant by its composer (at least in retrospect) to give a coherent vision of major forces in contemporary culture. I was revisiting it just weeks after seeing the final work of that trilogy, *Akhnaten*—a work so embarrassingly misconceived, so peculiar in execution, and so ineffectual in its musical and dramatic efforts, that it had to have failed for some very profound reasons.

Yet whatever caused that failure, and whatever made this trilogy end in disarray, was hardly obvious on the surface of *Einstein*. Robert Wilson's imagery worked its wiles, sophisticated and idiosyncratic enough to intrigue the analytic mind, suggestive and beautifully staged to awaken the reflective spirit. Philip Glass's music, which on recording (originally released by Tomato Records and now available on CBS Masterworks M4 38875) can be arid and combinatorial, provided the work's blood and lungs, its pulse and breath.

There seemed to be a system behind the opera's imagery, a tautly woven skein, with allusions to Einstein and the modern age intertwined. Recurrent images in the work are derived from a scientist's life: trains—the main transport of Einstein's era, which he also used in his famous "thought experiments" to explain the ideas of special relativity; clocks—which Einstein's theory argues slow down as the speed of light is approached; an eclipse—which in 1919 helped confirm Einstein's general theory of relativity. There are also allusions to what has come to be called the "post-Einsteinian" universe, in which the notion of relativity becomes metaphorically expanded to attach to society, power, justice, sexuality, meaning. And of course there is the apocalypse, in which Einstein's formula converting mass into energy becomes a theoretical inspiration for the atom bomb.

The frame for these various images and themes was jointly thought out by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Glass; each act contains visual variations on them. Mr. Glass's music, as he emphatically points out in the notes to the recording of the opera, has a parallel musical structure. Themes are associated with the different main images; Mr. Glass even provides diagrams of key and theme relationships. All singing in the opera is also structural: the only sung sounds are either numbers or solfège tones—like 1,2,3 or Do, Re, Mi—with each word naming its own pitch and beat. The sung text is thus a description of the music itself. It is meant to have a rigor suited to the opera's subject.

The musical style has often been called "minimal" (though Mr. Glass rejects the term) because of its schematic use of traditional harmony and its repetitions of melodic material. Bass lines are so clear that the opera at times feels like a passacaglia, with the same tones repeated under vast stretches of rhythmic variation. What is not minimal is the phased overlapping of rhythms, which create "regions" of sound, each with its own effect and character; the frenetic notes actually serve as a background for slowly moving voices, as in the familiar sequences and patter of baroque style. What is also not minimal is the instrumentation, which ranges from saxophones and winds, to synthesizer and organ, and occasionally invokes the timbres of jazz and the volume of rock.

THE effect of the continuous suggestion of structure—in the repeated numbers, the repeated musical themes, the visual images, the demarcated acts, and the "knee plays" between them—is quite different, however, from what might be expected. The real achievement of *Einstein* is in just the opposite realm—in its jarring peculiarities, in its powers of impression, in its anachronistic beauty. What is recalled is not a *Gesamtkunstwerke*, but a collection of images, given accent and tone by Mr. Glass's pulsating regions of sound. There is the beam of light splitting the stage in half in the first act; an "Einstein" character holding a piece of chalk and ecstatically gesticulating as he writes on an invisible blackboard, the balletic rotation of a horizontal fluorescent tube to the vertical and its hypnotic rise out of sight and into darkness. Musically, what is felt is not the connections between the themes of the Spaceship scene and the Night Train scene,

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for example, but the virtuosic visceral effects of the shifts in texture: when the spaceship becomes threatening, when the music for the Building scene suddenly shifts into a lyrical, elegiac mode.

As for the systematic claims of the work, they help to keep the rational mind busy attempting to make sense of things, an imposing challenge, but doomed to remain unfulfilled. What is one to do with Christopher Knowles's prose poems, for example, recited, here and there, over and over by the Einstein-attired characters? "These are theiidays mmy friends and these are my days my friends. Make a tiota on thses these are theiidays loop So if you say will it get some wind for the sailboat and it could for It could be Franky it could be very fresh and cleann."

Far from being systematic or carefully integrated with the imagery of the work, Mr. Knowles's phrases were actually improvised—a stream of random thoughts turned by Mr. Wilson into reiterated writ. And Mr. Wilson himself has made it clear he is himself not systematic: "Sometimes I don't know why something is done." Why, for example, a trial and a prison in an opera on Einstein? "I just thought about the dramas of our times: courtroom dramas, Watergate."

BUT Mr. Wilson is too brilliant an intuitive artist, and too aware of the "dramas of our times," to let anything become merely trivial. What the opera thrives on is just its invocation of the commonplace, the cliché, which is then treated in a wide variety of ways. The opera works by sounding popular chimes, so to speak, which helps to explain why *Einstein* has found a dedicated audience of a size once only attained by nineteenth-century operatic endeavors. Nothing is subjected to analysis or exposition, but everything is mentioned, pictured, invoked; and the objects are common currency in popular culture. The "Science" in the opera, for example, consists of pop images of the scientific genius as a child examining a cube, as an adult scribbling formulas on blackboards, the spaceship with its flashing lights, the atom bomb with its requisite reminders of apocalypse. All exist without exploration, made strange by the context.

The same is true of the opera's broader cultural allusions. Hence images of the Trial scenes, with two judges (one a child), the stenographers polishing their nails, the jail which splits the stage with the courtroom, the machine gun aimed at the audience, the repeated patter of near absurd language, the allusions to sexual politics—icons of a "post-Einsteinian" social universe. Hence the Night Train duet, with its aura of pre-Einsteinian "Romance," in which a man and woman sing lovely melodic lines from the back car of a luxury train on a moonlit night; it ends with the woman shooting the man. Hence, too, the judge's speech about the woman speaking about male chauvinism to a group of ladies in Kalamazoo. And hence the slides of Versailles projected during the Trial scene—of the court before the French Revolution. These episodes and images are meant to remind us that the old order of space and time were not the only absolutes discarded in the spirit of relativity. The opera in fact ends with a bus driver telling a trite but touching tale of lovers on a park bench. But his flat, affectless voice and ironic phrasing tell us this old romance, however soothing, is not to be taken without a bit of relativistic distortion.

NONE of this is particularly profound, and all of it is fairly commonplace; the opera's "subtext" is composed of post-modern clichés. Mr. Glass's musical style, with its repetitions, its numbers, and its solfège, does not encourage much more reflection. His is not the narrative style of nineteenth-century music, in which a musical idea is subjected to evolutionary analysis and development. Nor is it the style of Romantic operas in which there are rigorous links between personality and music. This music is suited to the stagecraft. It invokes without exploring.

The opera's impact and originality lie in a naïve wonder at the scientist's activity, its nearly mystical contact with sources of energy. Mr. Glass's music at its best supports that wonder. But in his later operas, without Mr. Wilson's collaboration and lacking the saving graces of scientific abstraction, the ideological content of the works becomes more evident, less tempered by wonder.

Satyagraha, for example, which was based upon Gandhi's development of "passive resistance" in South Africa, is more lyrical in character with a traditional orchestral scoring. But its libretto of Sanskrit adapted from the *Bhagavad-Gita* by Constance DeJong and the staged tableaux, make the work less biographical than mythic; at its dramatic moments the music becomes ecclesiastical and fulsome, succeeding only when the particularly human manages to seep through the icons in a sweet melodic line or compassionate gesture. The point is not to explore or to examine or to dramatize either personality or religion or politics or ideas. It is to invoke the mythic origins of the counterculture: every scene in the opera is a scene from the 1960s counterculture—the communes, the draft-card burning, the hard-hat strong-arming, the printing of political broadsheets, the protests and disruptions. All may have had something to do with Gandhi's life, but they were used clearly for their contemporary political message. The final scene ends with a mimed assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. taking place as Gandhi stands beatifically below, engulfed in a turquoise haze.

THE finale of the trilogy, *Akhnaten*, turned from politics to religion. Mr. Glass in association with his colleagues composed the libretto about the king who inspired Freud's tendentious *Moses and Monotheism*. It contains Psalm 104, texts from ancient Egypt, and selections from Fodor's and Frommer's travel guides to Egypt. While Einstein's "lessons" were opaque, even subliminal, here all is didactic, crudely pictured, crudely thought. Mr. Glass's main inspiration was not historical scholarship but Immanuel Velikovsky's speculative *Oedipus and Akhnaten*. The story Mr. Glass chooses to tell is of a visionary king, a monotheist, who follows all the manners required by the "avant-garde." He breaks all traditional boundaries: he sports both male genitals and female breasts. He sleeps with his mother, he rejects religious orthodoxy, he introduces ecstatic dance into ritual. He is the king of a new "relativity," the revolutionary precurser of modernity, and he is finally turned upon and killed by those less visionary than he (*Satyagraha* ended with a similar sacrifice).

Throughout the opera, "symbolic" figures were on stage, one building bricks from mud, one regularly threshing wheat and tossing it into the air, and several near-naked men wrestling—all foundations, one is meant to surmise, of civilization. The dramatized

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operatic events were themselves mere rituals: the dressing of Akhnaten in kingly attire, the king and his new wife dancing wildly to the horror of the orthodox priests, the slow destruction of Akhnaten's sand-castle city (like the attack on Gandhi and his followers). And finally, a scene in modern-day Egypt with polyester-suited tourists and a droning tour guide pacing over the scene where this great man once walked, as if Mr. Glass were dutifully pointing out the triumph of the "bourgeois" world Akhnaten once overturned. Only occasionally did the music do more than act in a purely cinematic and crudely theatrical fashion.

I don't think the failure of *Akhnaten* was accidental, or due, as many critics felt, to Robert Israel's incompetent staging (which spurred embarrassed laughter). It was, rather, a presentation, in extremis, of the same stylistic and thematic elements that lay behind *Einstein* and *Satyagraha*, invoking post-modern avant-garde mythology without the idiosyncratic wit of the former or the striking icons of the latter. The musical style of Philip Glass, in its most refined moments, is capable of beauty and surprise. Still, as with the crude settings of poetic texts by Steve Reich in this season's premiere of *Desert Music* at the Brooklyn Academy, when it comes to examination of detail and image, the "minimal" style betrays its origins in the peculiar sensations and attitudes which have grown out of the counterculture.

Despite all this, *Einstein* remains a landmark of musical theater. It is a shallow work, but a moving one, having an ecstatic effect without having a profound meaning, touched by sadness and untouched by didactic preaching. It is an example of what the post-modern post-countercultural sensibility can achieve when it is least doctrinaire and most joyful, invoking politics and romance and pop culture and apocalypse, but withholding itself from solemnity. The mocking yet empathetic tone of the opera's closing speech remains in the ears long after the music has faded. It is spoken by the bus driver following the apocalypse: "There was more of silence as the two lovers sat on a park bench with their bodies touching, holding hands in the moonlight. Once more her voice was heard. "Kiss me, John," she implored. And leaning over, he pressed his lips warmly to hers in fervent osculation. . . ."

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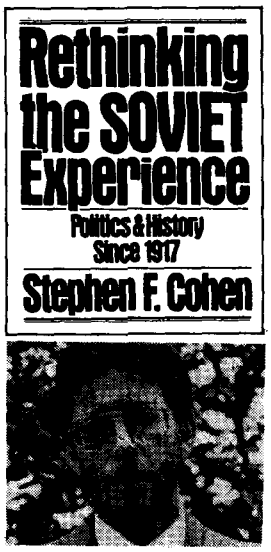

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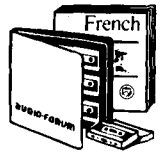

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The cool and casual style of the new American androgyny.

DRESSED TO THRILL

BY ANNE HOLLANDER

WHEN QUENTIN BELL applied Veblen's principles of Conspicuous Consumption and Conspicuous Waste to fashion, he added another—Conspicuous Outrage. This one now clearly leads the other two. In this decade we want the latest trends in appearance to strain our sense of the suitable and give us a real jolt. The old social systems that generated a need for conspicuous display have modified enough to dull the chic of straight extravagance: the chic of shock has continuous vitality. Dramatically perverse sexual signals are always powerful elements in the modern fashionable vocabulary; and the most sensational component among present trends is something referred to as androgyny. Many modish women's clothes imitate what Robert Taylor wore in 1940 publicity stills, and Michael Jackson's startling feminine beauty challenges public responses from every store window, as well as in many living replicas.

The mode in appearance mirrors collective fantasy, not fundamental aims and beliefs. We are not all really longing for two sexes in a single body, and the true hermaphrodite still counts as a monster. We are not seeing a complete and free interchange of physical characteristics across the sexual divide. There are no silky false moustaches or dashing fake goatees finely crafted of imported sable for the discriminating woman, or luxuriant jaw-length sideburns of the softest bristle sold with moisturizing glue and a designer applicator. Although the new ideal feminine torso has strong square shoulders, flat hips, and no belly at all, the corresponding ideal male body is certainly not displaying the beauties of a soft round stomach, flaring hips, full thighs, and delicately sloping shoulders. On the new woman's ideally athletic shape, breasts may be large or not—a flat chest is not required; and below the belt in back, the buttocks may sharply protrude. But no space remains in front to house a safely cushioned uterus and ovaries, or even well-upholstered labia: under the lower half of the new, high-cut minimal swimsuits, there is room only for a clitoris. Meanwhile the thrilling style of male beauty embodied by Michael Jackson runs chiefly to unprecedented surface adornment—cosmetics and sequins, jewels and elaborate hair, all the old privileges once granted to women, to give them every erotic advantage in the sex wars of the past.

The point about all this is clearly not androgyny at all, but the idea of detachable pleasure. Each sex is not trying to take up the fundamental qualities of the other sex, but rather of the other sexuality—the erotic dimension, which can transcend biology and its attendant social assumptions and institutions. Eroticism is being shown to float free of sexual function. Virility is displayed as a capacity for feeling and generating excitement, not for felling trees or enemies and generating children. Femininity has abandoned the old gestures of passivity to take on main force: ravishing female models now stare purposefully into the viewer's eyes instead of flashing provocative glances or gazing remotely away. Erotic attractiveness appears ready to exert its strength in unforseeable and formerly forbidden ways and places. Recognition is now being given to sexual desire for objects of all kinds once considered unsuitable—some of them inanimate, judging from the seductiveness of most advertising photography.

Homosexual desire is now an acknowledged aspect of common life, deserving of truthful representation in popular culture, not just in coterie vehicles of expression. The aging parents of youthful characters in movie and television dramas are no longer rendered as mentally stuffy and physically withered, but as stunningly attractive sexual beings—legitimate and non-ridiculous rivals for the lustful attentions of the young. The curved flanks of travel-irons and food processors in the Bloomingdale's catalogue make as strong an appeal to erotic desire as the satiny behinds and moist lips of the makeup and underwear models. So do the unfolding petals of lettuces and the rosy flesh of cut tomatoes on TV food commercials. In this general eroticization of the material world, visual culture is openly acknowledging that lust is by nature wayward.

To register as attractive under current assumptions, a female body may now show its affinities not only with delicious objects but with attractive male bodies, without having to relinquish any feminine erotic resources. Male beauty may be enhanced by feminine usages that increase rather than diminish its masculine effect. Men and women may both wear clothes loosely fashioned by designers like Gianni Versace or Issey Miyake to render all bodies attractive whatever their structure, like the drapery of antiquity. In such clothes, sexuality is expressed obliquely in a fluid fabric envelope that follows bodily movement and also forms a graceful counterpoint to the nonchalant postures of modern repose. The aim of such dress is to emphasize the sexiness of a rather generalized sensuality, not of male or female characteristics; and our present sense of personal appearance, like our sense of all material display, shows that we are more interested in generalized sensuality than in anything else. In our multiform culture, it seems to serve as an equalizer.

In fashion, however, pervasive eroticism is still frequently being represented as the perpetual overthrow of all the restrictive categories left over from the last century, a sort of ongoing revolution. We are still pretending to congratulate ourselves on what a long way we have come. The lush men and strong girls now on view in the media may be continuing a long-range trend that began between the World Wars; but there have been significant inter-

Anne Hollander is the author of *Seeing Through Clothes* (Viking).

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ruptions and an important shift of tone. Then, too, men had smooth faces, thick, wavy hair and full, pouting lips, and women often wore pants, had shingled hair, and athletic torsos. But the important point in those days was to be as anti-Victorian as possible. The rigid and bearded Victorian male was being eased out of his tight carapace and distancing whiskers; the whole ladylike panoply was being simplified so that the actual woman became apparent to the eye and touch. Much of our present female mannishness and feminized manhood is a nostalgic reference to the effects fashionable for men and women in those pioneering days, rather than a new revolutionary expression of the same authentic kind.

There is obviously more to it all now than there was between the wars. We have already gone through some fake Victorian revivals, both unself-conscious in the 1950s and self-conscious in the '60s and '70s, and lately our sense of all style has become slightly corrupt. Apart from the sexiness of sex, we have discovered the stylishness of style and the fashionableness of fashion. Evolving conventions of dress and sudden revolts from them have both become stylistically forced; there have been heavy quotation marks around almost all conspicuous modes of clothing in the last fifteen or twenty years, as there were not in more hopeful days. Life is now recognized to have a grotesque and inflated media dimension by which ordinary experience is measured, and all fashion has taken to looking over its own shoulder. Our contemporary revolutionary modes are mostly theatrical costumes, since we have now learned to assume that appearances are detachable and interchangeable and only have provisional meanings.

Many of the more extreme new sartorial phenomena display such uncooked incoherence that they fail to represent any main trend in twentieth-century taste except a certain perverse taste for garbage—which is similarly fragmented and inexpressive, even though it can always be sifted and categorized. We have become obsessed with picking over the past instead of plowing it under, where it can do some good. Perversity has moreover been fostered in fashion by its relentless presentation as a form of ongoing public entertainment. The need for constant impact naturally causes originality to get confused with

BY MICHAEL SELL FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

the capacity to cause a sensation; and sensations can always be created, just as in all show business, by the crudest of allusions.

In the '20s, the revolutionary new fashions were much more important but much less brutally intrusive. Photos from the '20s, '30s, and even the very early '40s, show the young Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor smiling with scintillating confidence, caressed by soft focus and glittering highlights, and wearing the full-cut, casual topcoats with the collar up that we see in today's ads for women, then as now opened to show the fully-draped trousers, loose sweaters and long, broad jackets of that time. Then it was an alluringly modern and feminized version of male beauty, freshly suggesting pleasure without violence or loss of decorum, a high level of civilization without any forbidding and tyrannical stiffness or antiquated formality. At the same time, women's fashions were stressing an articulated female shape that sought to be perceived as clearly as the male. Both were the first modern styles to take up the flavor of general physical ease, in timely and pertinent defiance of the social restrictions and symbolic sexual distinctions made by dress in the preceding time. Now, however, those same easy men's clothes are being worn by women; and the honest old figure of freedom seems to be dressed up in the spirit of pastiche. We did come a long way for a while, but then we stopped and went on the stage.

Strong and separate sexual definition in the old Victorian manner tried to forbid the generally erotic and foster the romantic. Against such a background even slightly blurring the definition automatically did the opposite; and so when Victorian women dared adopt any partial assortment of male dress they were always extremely disturbing. They called attention to those aspects of female sexuality that develop in sharp contrast to both female biology and romantic rhetoric. Consequently, when female fashion underwent its great changes early in this century, such aspects were deliberately and vehemently emphasized by a new mobility and quasi-masculine leanness. Women with no plump extensions at all but with obvious and movable legs suddenly made their appearance, occasionally even in trousers. They indicated a mettlesome eagerness for action, even unencumbered amorous action, and great lack of interest in sitting still receiving homage or rocking the cradle. Meanwhile when men adopted the casual suits of modern leisure, they began to suggest a certain new readiness to sit and talk, to listen and laugh at themselves, to dally and tarry rather than couple briskly and

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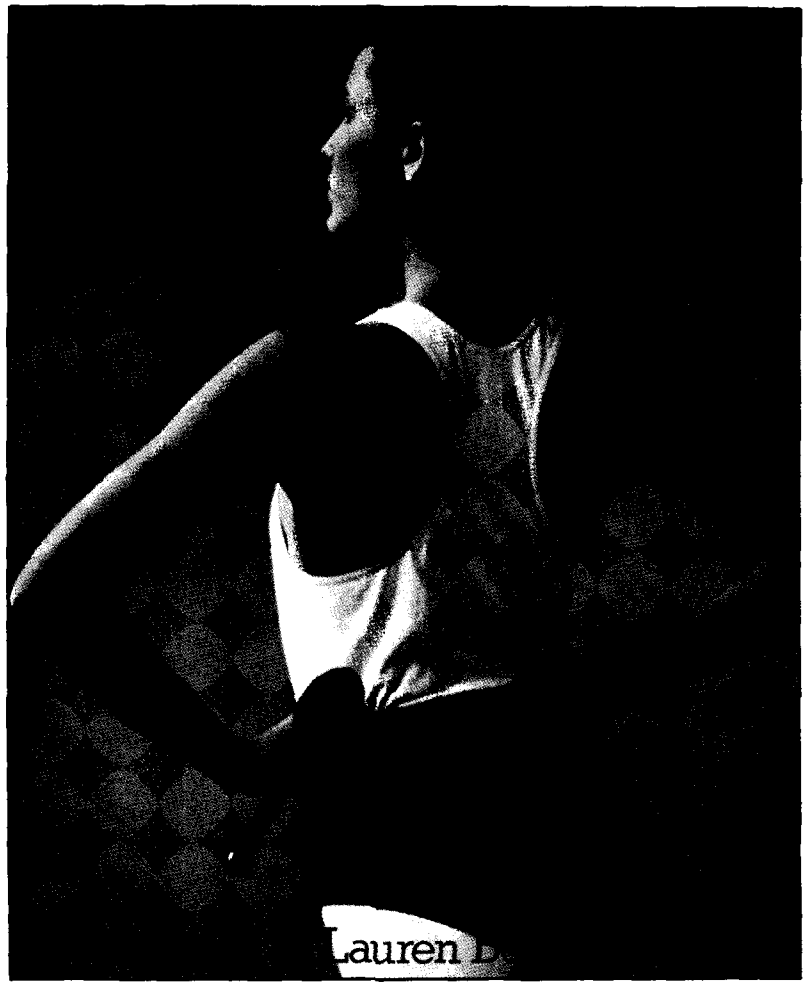
straightway depart for work or battle. Men and women visibly desired to rewrite the rules about how the two sexes should express their interest in sex; and the liberated modern ideal was crystallized.

But a sexual ideal of maturity and enlightened savoir faire also informed that period of our imaginative history. In the fantasy of the '30s, manifested in the films of Claudette Colbert, for example, or Gable and Lombard, adult men and women ideally pursued pleasure without sacrificing reason, humor, or courtesy—even in those dramas devoted to the ridiculous. The sexes were still regarded as fundamentally different kinds of being, although the style of their sexuality was reconceived. The aim of amorous life was still to take on the challenging dialectic of the sexes, which alone could yield the fullest kind of sexual pleasure. Erotic feeling was inseparable from dramatic situation.

By those same '30s, modern adult clothing was also a fully developed stylistic achievement. It duly continued to refine, until it finally became unbearably mannered in the first half of the '60s. The famous ensuing sartorial revolution, though perfectly authentic, was also the first to occur in front of the camera—always in the mirror, as it were. And somehow the subsequent two decades have seen a great fragmentation both of fashion and of sexuality.

Extreme imagery, much of it androgynous like Boy George's looks, or the many punk styles and all the raunchier fashion photos, has become quite commonplace; but it has also become progressively remote from most common practice. It offers appearances that we may label "fashion," but that we really know to be media inventions created especially to stun, provoke, and dismay us. At the same time, some very conventional outrageous effects have been revived in the realm of accessible fashion, where there is always room for them. Ordinary outrageousness and perverse daring in dress are the signs of licensed play, never the signal of serious action. They are licitly engaged in by the basically powerless, including clowns and children and other innocuous performers, who are always allowed to make extreme emotional claims that may stir up strong personal responses but have no serious public importance. Women's fashion constantly made use of outrage in this way during the centuries of female powerlessness, and selective borrowing from men was one of its most effective motifs.



After the '60s and before the present menswear mode, the masculine components in women's fashions still made girls look either excitingly shocking or touchingly pathetic. The various neat tuxedos made famous by Yves St. Laurent, for example, were intended to give a woman the look of a depraved youth, a sort of tempting Dorian Gray. The "Annie Hall" clothes swamped the woman in oversized male garments, so that she looked at first like a small child being funny in adult gear, and then like a fragile girl wrapped in a strong man's coat, a combined emblem of bruised innocence and clownishness. These are both familiar "outrageous" devices culled particularly from the theatrical past.

Long before modern fashion took it up, the conventionally outrageous theme of an attractive feminine woman in breeches proved an invariably stimulating refinement in the long history of racy popular art, both for the stage and in print. The most important erotic aim of this theme was never to make a woman actually seem to be a man—looking butch has never been generally attractive—but to make a girl assume the unsettling beauty that dwells in the sexual uncertainty of an adolescent boy. It is an obvious clever move for modern fashionable women to combine the old show-business-like excitement of the suggestive trousered female with the cultivated self-possession of early twentieth-century menswear—itself already a feminized male style. It suits, especially in the present disintegrated erotic climate that has rendered the purer forms of outrageousness somewhat passé.

Such uses of men's clothes have nothing to do with an impulse toward androgyny. They instead invoke all the old tension between the sexes; and complete drag, whichever sex wears it, also insists on sexual polarity. Most drag for men veers toward the exaggerated accoutrements of the standard siren; and on the current screen, *Tootsie* and *Yentl* are both demonstrating how different and how divided the sexes are.

While the extreme phenomena are getting all the attention, however, we are acting out quite another forbidden fantasy in our ordinary lives. The really androgynous realm in personal appear-

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ance is that of active sports clothing. The unprecedented appeal of running gear and gym clothes and all the other garb associated with strenuous physical effort seems to be offering an alternative in sexual expression. Beyond the simple pleasures of physical fitness, and the right-minded satisfactions of banishing class difference that were first expressed in the blue-jeans revolution of the '60s, this version of pastoral suggests a new erotic appeal in the perceived androgyny of childhood. The short shorts and other ingenuous bright play clothes in primary colors that now clothe bodies of all sizes and sexes are giving a startling kindergarten cast to everybody's public looks, especially in summer.

The real excitement of androgynous appearance is again revealed as associated only with extreme youth—apparently the more extreme the better. The natural androgyny of old age has acquired no appeal. The tendency of male and female bodies to resemble each other in late maturity is still conventionally ridiculous and deplorable; sportswear on old women looks crisp and convenient, not sexually attractive. But the fresh, unfinished androgyny of the nursery is evidently a newly expanded arena for sexual fantasy.

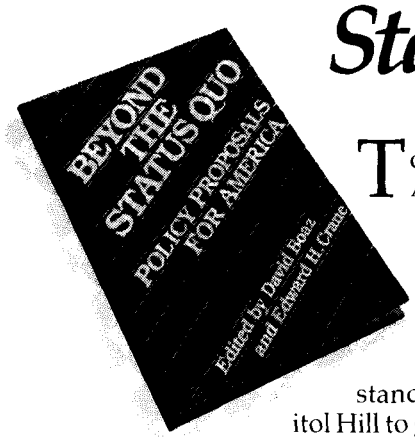
IN THE unisex look of the ordinary clothing that has become increasingly common in the past two decades, there has been a submerged but unmistakable element of child-worship. This note has been struck at a great distance from the slick and expensive ambiguities of high fashion that include couture children's clothes aping the vagaries of current adult chic. It resonates instead in the everyday sexual ambiguity of rough duck or corduroy pants, flannel shirts, T-shirts, sweaters, and sneakers. Any subway car or supermarket is full of people dressed this way. The guises for this fantasy have extended past play clothes to children's underwear, the little knitted skirts and briefs that everyone wears at the age of 5. One ubiquitous ad for these even showed a shirtee sliding up to expose an adult breast, to emphasize the sexiness of the fashion; but the breast has been prudently canceled in publicly displayed versions.

Our erotic obsession with children has overt and easily deplored expressions in the media, where steamy 12-year-old fashion models star in ads and 12-year-old prostitutes figure in dramas and news stories. The high-fashion modes for children also have the flavor of forced eroticism. Child abuse and kiddy porn are now publicly discussed concerns, ventilated in the righteous spirit of reform; and yet unconscious custom reflects the same preoccupation with the sexual condition of childhood. The androgynous sportswear that was formerly the acceptable everyday dress only of children is now everyone's leisure clothing: its new currency must have more than one meaning.

On the surface, of course, it invokes the straight appeal of the physical life, the rural life, and perhaps even especially the taxing life of the dedicated athlete, which used to include sexual abstinence along with the chance of glory. The world may wish to look as if it were constantly in training to win, or equipped to explore; but there is another condition it is also less obviously longing for—freedom from the strain of fully adult sexuality. These styles of clothing signal a retreat into the unfinished, undefined sexuality of childhood that we are now finding so erotic, and that carries no difficult social or personal responsibilities.

From 1925 to 1965, 4-year-old girls and boys could tumble in the sandbox in identical cotton overalls or knitted suits, innocently aping the clothes of skiers, railroadmen, or miners, while their mom wore a dress, hat, and stockings, and their dad a suit, hat, and tie—the modern dress of sexual maturity, also worn by Gable, Lombard, and all the young and glittering Hollywood company. Now the whole family wears sweat suits and overalls and goes bareheaded. Such gear is also designed to encourage the game of dressing up like all the non-amorous and ultraphysical heroes of modern folklore—forest rangers and cowboys, spacemen and frogmen, pilots and motorcyclists, migrant workers and terrorists—that is constantly urged on children. The great masquerade party of the late '60s ostensibly came to an end; but it had irreversibly given to ordinary grownups the right to wear fancy costumes for fun that was formerly a child's privilege. The traditional dress of the separate adult sexes is reserved for public appearances, and in general it is now socially correct to express impatience with it. "Informal" is the only proper style in middle-class social life; and for private leisure, when impulse governs choices,

Challenging the Status Quo . . .



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kids' clothes are the leading one. Apparently the erotic androgynous child is the new forbidden creature of unconscious fantasy, not only the infantile fashion model or rock star but the ordinary kid, who has exciting sexual potential hidden under its unsexed dress-up play clothes.

FASHIONS of the remote past dealt straightforwardly with the sexuality of children by dressing them just like ordinary adults, suitably different according to sex. But in Romantic times, children were perceived to exist in a special condition much purer and closer to beneficent nature than their elders, requiring clothes that kept them visibly separate from the complex corruptions of adult society, including full-scale erotic awareness. The habit of putting children in fancy dress began then, too, especially boys. They were dressed as wee, chubby, and harmless soldiers and sailors, or Turks and Romans, to emphasize their innocence by contrast. Children's clothes still differed according to sex—girls had sweet little chemises and sashes instead of fancy costumes—but their overriding common flavor was one of artlessness.

Later on the Victorians overdid it, and loaded their children with clothing, but it was still two-sexed and distinctively designed for them. Finally the enlightened twentieth century invented the use of mock sportswear for the wiggly little bodies of both boys and girls. Nevertheless, the costumes now suitable for children on display still tend toward the Victorian, with a good deal of nostalgic velvet and lace. In line with Romantic views of women, some feminine styles also used to feature infantine suggestions drawn from little girls' costumes: the last was the tiny baby dress worn with big shoes and big hair in the later '60s, just before the eruption of the women's movement. But only since then has a whole generation of adults felt like dressing up in mock rough gear, like androgynous children at play, to form a race of apparently presexual but unmistakably erotic beings.

Once again, very pointedly, the clothes for the role are male. Our modern sense of artlessness seems to prefer the masculine brand; and when we dress our little boys and girls alike to blur their sexuality—or ourselves in imitation of them—that means we dress the girls like the boys, in the manifold costumes celebrating nonsexual physical prowess. At leisure, both men and women prefer to suggest versions of Adam alone in Eden before he knew he had a sex, innocently wearing his primal sweat suit made only of native worth and honor.

The Romantic sense of the child as naturally privileged and instinctively good like Adam seems to stay with us. But we have lately added the belief in a child's potential depravity, which may go unpaid for and unpunished just because of all children's categorical innocence. Perhaps this society abuses its children, and also aggressively dresses them in lipstick and sequins, for the same reason it imitates them—from a helpless envy of what they get away with. The everyday androgynous costume is the suit of diminished erotic responsibility and exemption from adult sexual risk. What it clothes is the child's license to make demands and receive gratification with no risk of dishonor—to be erotic, but to pose as unsexual and therefore unaccountable.

EVEN more forbidden and outrageous than the sexual child is its near relation, the erotic angel. While the ordinary world is routinely dressing itself and its kids in unisex jeans, it is simultaneously conjuring up mercurial apparitions who offer an enchanting counterpoint to life's mundane transactions. In the rock star form, they embody the opposing fantasy face of the troublesome domestic child or adolescent: the angelic visitor who needs to obey no earthly rules. Funny little E.T. was only one version. The type includes all those supremely compelling creatures who may shine while they stomp and whirl and scream and hum and never suffer the slightest humiliation.

A child, however ideologized, is always real and problematic, but an angel has a fine mythic remoteness however palpable he seems. The opposing kind of androgyny invests him: he exists not before but beyond human sexual life, and he comes as a powerful messenger from spheres where there is no taking or giving in marriage, but where extreme kinds of joy are said to be infinite. Our rock-video beings cultivate the unhuman look of ultimate synthesis: they aim to transcend sexual conflict by becoming fearsome angels, universally stimulating creatures fit for real existence only out of this world. Like all angels, they profoundly excite; but they don't excite desire, even though they do make the air crackle with promise and menace. Their job is to bring the message and then leave, having somehow transformed the world. Michael Jackson reportedly leads a life both angelic and artificially childlike, and he makes his appearances in epiphanic style. David Bowie still appears to be the man who fell to earth, not someone born here. Grace Jones also seems to come from altogether elsewhere. Such idols only function in the sphere of unattainability. While they flourish they remain sojourners, leading lives of vivid otherness in what seems a sexual no-man's-land.

ANGELS were in fact once firmly male and uncompromisingly austere. The disturbing sensuality they acquired in the art of later centuries, like that of the luscious angel in Leonardo's *Virgin of the Rocks*, always reads as a feminization—and from this one must conclude that adding feminine elements to the male is what produces androgyny's most intense effects. Almost all our androgynous stars are in fact males in feminized trim; their muscular and crop-haired female counterparts, such as Annie Lennox, are less numerous and have a more limited appeal. The meaning in all our androgyny, both modish and ordinary, still seems to be the same: the male is the primary sex, straightforward, simple, and active. He can be improved and embellished, however, and have and give a better time if he allows himself to be modified by the complexities of female influence.

The process does not work the other way. Elegant women in fashionable menswear expound the same thought, not its opposite: traditional jackets and trousers are austerely beautiful, but they are patently enhanced by high heels, flowing scarves, cosmetics, and earrings. Lisa Lyon, the body builder, has been photographed by Robert Mapplethorpe to show that her excessively developed muscles do not make her mannish but instead have been feminized to go with, not against, her flowered hats and lipstick. Ordinary women wearing men's active gear while wheeling strollers on the street or carrying bags across the parking lot are subduing and adapting harsh male dress to flexible female life and giving it some new scope. Common androgynous costume is always some kind of suit or jumpsuit, or pants, shirt and jacket, not some kind of dress,

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bodice and skirt, or gown. A hat may go with it, or perhaps a hood or scarf, but not a coif or veil. A few real female skirts (not kilts or Greek evzone skirts) are now being very occasionally and sensationally tried out by some highly visible men—daring designers, media performers and their imitators, fashion models and theirs—but all kinds of pants are being worn by all kinds of women all the time. We can read the message: the male is the first sex, now at last prepared to consider the other one anew, with much fanfare. It is still a case of female sexuality enlightening the straight male world—still the arrival of Eve and all her subsequent business in and beyond the garden—that is being celebrated. The "androgynous" mode for both sexes suggests that the female has come on the scene to educate the male about the imaginative pleasures of sex, signified chiefly by the pleasures of adornment. About its difficulties, summed up by that glaringly absent round belly, she is naturally keeping quiet.

MEANWHILE the more glittering versions of modish androgyny continue to reflect what we adore in fantasy. Many of us seem to feel that the most erotic condition of all could not be that of any man or woman, or of any child, or of a human being with two sexes, but that of a very young and effeminate male angel—a new version of art history's lascivious *putto*. Such a being may give and take a guiltless delight, wield limitless sexual power without sexual politics, feel all the pleasures of sex with none of the personal risks, can never grow up, never get wise, and never be old. It is a futureless vision, undoubtedly appropriate to a nuclear age; but if any of us manages to survive, the soft round belly will surely again have its day.

In the meantime, as we approach the end of the century and the millennium, the impulse toward a certain fusion in the habits of the sexes may have a more hopeful meaning. After a hundred years of underground struggle, trousers are no longer male dress sometimes worn by women. They have been successfully feminized so as to become authentic costume for both sexes, and to regain the authoritative bisexual status the gown once had in the early Middle Ages. This development is clearly not a quick trend but a true change, generations in the making. Male skirts have yet to prove themselves; but men have in fact succeeded in making long-term capital out of the short-lived and now forgotten Peacock Revolution of the late '60s. Whole new ranges of rich color, interesting pattern, texture and unusual cut have become generally acceptable in male dress since then, and so has a variety of jewelry. The sort of fashionable experiment once associated only with women has become a standard male option. Some new agreement between the sexes may actually be forming, signaled by all these persistent visual projections; but just what that accord will turn out to be it is not safe to predict, nor whether it will continue to civilize us further or only perplex us more.

TREATING WITH THE DEVIL

Psychotherapy in the Third Reich: The Göring Institute by Geoffrey Cocks

(Oxford University Press, 416 pp., $24.95)

The Third Reich ended forty years ago, but only now have German psychotherapists discovered their Nazi past. This may seem bizarre, until it is remembered that the German medical profession as a whole has yet to confront its role in Nazi Germany. Others—like lawyers, engineers, and academics—have long since done so. Physicians, however, have by and large been spared this agony; and this despite the fact that after 1933 more physicians joined the Nazi Party, and more quickly, than members of any other profession. To be sure, we are slowly learning more about those physicians involved in the camps, or in the Nazi euthanasia program. Still, the consequences of their daily collaboration with the Nazis have been almost entirely ignored. The physician is supposed to enjoy a special status in Western society, to be above the din of battle—physicians, and especially surgeons, were favorite heroes of popular literature between the World Wars, just as they play this role in our own television culture.

The advance of medicine during the last century has indeed been impressive, as has the physician's soaring social status. It is crucial to consider the aims of the medical profession as it sought to establish a monopoly over health care if we are to understand the collaboration with National Socialism, not just of psychotherapists but of their enemies in academic medicine as well. The contrast made in this book between positivist and rationalist medicine on the one hand, and Nazi medicine with its romantic ideal of treating body and soul on the other, is somewhat justified; but it misses the subjective element in medical diagnosis which helped so many physicians to adjust to the reality of the Nazi state.

During their struggle against nature healers, midwives, and purveyors of patent medicines, physicians claimed moral authority as well as medical authority, trying with some success to replace priests, ministers, or rabbis as guardians of the moral health of society. Thus one popular book about great doctors, written before the First World War, argued that disease was a sign not merely of physical weakness but also of ethical infirmity. The real advances in medicine must be balanced against such subjectivity: there was a strong tendency, long before the Nazis, to label as healthy whatever supported the norms of society, its manners and morals. Those who did not conform, or who were, like the Jews, potential outsiders, were declared to be subject to nervousness and neurasthenia. It is impossible accurately to discuss the relationship between medicine (including psychotherapy) and National Socialism without pointing out that physicians had already become the guardians of social health as well as personal health, offering solutions to the troubling issues of modernity. They could, it was thought, repair the modern damage and prevent its recurrence for the individual and the race.

The psychiatric center which functioned, even flourished, from 1936 to 1945, was known as the Göring Institute. It was named for its director,

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Heinrich Göring, the nephew of the Field Marshal who provided the patronage which played an important part in the institute's survival. The institute supported a training program which included groups of Freudians, Adlerians, and Jungians, though how closely they followed these major schools of psychoanalysis, and to what extent they resorted to romantic notions of personality, is difficult to tell. Geoffrey Cocks's book concentrates almost single-mindedly upon the institutional history of psychotherapy in the Third Reich, upon the ways in which it obtained recognition as a profession against the opposition of academic medicine and of party members suspicious of what was supposed to have been a Jewish science. The story is fascinating, and Cocks tells it well, though it is incomplete because it neglects to analyze the theories which motivated the members of the institute and their enemies.

AS A NEW and uncertain science, psychotherapy was especially vulnerable to romantic influences in Germany, as Cocks abundantly shows; a person's heritage or personal fate came to play an important part in the cure of his so-called soul. Certainly the contrast between such psychoanalysis and Freudianism is vast. And yet it is overdrawn in this book. Freud was a rationalist and liberal, but his theory was not quite as securely anchored in a positivist science as it might appear here—witness Freud's own fascination with Wilhelm Fliess's theories. More important, Freudianism included an element that encouraged adjustment to the existing social order as part of mental health, and it would have been important to learn to what extent the Freudians who remained in Nazi Germany emphasized this aspect of the master's teaching. Cocks's discovery of the survival of Freudianism in the Third Reich is indeed astounding, but one would have liked to know what sort of Freudianism survived.

Cocks also downplays the key role which Carl Gustav Jung played in Nazi psychotherapy. His instant support for National Socialism, as well as his editorship of the *Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie* from 1934 until 1940, is ascribed merely to his desire to assure the survival of psychotherapy. Nothing is said about the possible convergence of some of Jung's ideas—his long-standing belief, for example, in the existence of races—and National Socialism. Jung laid some of the groundwork for the survival and respectability of psychotherapy even before the Göring Institute was created. From 1936 onward, however, it was not Jung but Heinrich Göring who assured the institute's well-being. He emerges in the book as an adroit politician with a clear sense of just how far he could extend his protection over other than so-called "German" psychotherapy.

WHILE the institutional thrust of the book—the emphasis on the institute's maneuvering between Nazi power blocs—can certainly be justified as opening up a new subject, Cocks's analysis of the setting within which the Göring Institute's policies turned and twisted is seriously flawed. The book makes use of a model of National Socialism fashionable among certain German historians, but nonetheless misleading and dangerous, for it underestimates the purposefulness and effectiveness of the Third Reich. What has impressed these historians are the limits set upon Hitler's powers, the rivalries built into the personal loyalties encouraged by the regime. Cocks calls Nazi rule as chaotic and fragmented in its bureaucracy as Berlin was under the Allied blitz. Reading his accounts of the functioning of the Third Reich, one wonders how such a regime could ever have pursued the mass murder of Jews with such efficient single-mindedness—or, for that matter, have nearly won the Second World War. This is social and institutional history run wild, the triumph of a new positivism as a comfort and a shelter in the face of irrational mass movements of the sort exemplified by National Socialism. Unfortunately it is never easy to explain the irrational rationally.

Cocks never tires of emphasizing that actions speak louder than words, and he fails to see that in a regime like National Socialism an organic link existed between words and actions. This is not a contrast between actual performance and the purity of doctrine, as the book states; Hitler was able to compromise without ever losing sight of his goal. Words were used as a necessary preparation for the ultimate end to be reached. While Nazi ideals are conceded a role in the functioning of the Nazi state, they remain obscure, because their content is never given the proper weight. It does not help, for example, to call racial fantasies incoherent, when they were taken seriously by many Germans. It is necessary to ask National Socialists about National Socialism, before trying to see through it.

This refusal to analyze absurd ideas in a serious manner is apt to give a somewhat misleading impression of pro-Nazi actions, as in the case of Carl Gustav Jung; or it simply leaves questions unanswered, as when Schultz-Henke, a member of the Göring Institute, is said to have possessed an open and critical mind, preoccupied though he was with the use of hypnotic drugs, and slipping off into a romantic mystique. Cocks explains such aberrations from the classical canons of psychotherapy as an attempt to pacify the Nazis, but unless we know more about the content of their medical thought we cannot tell to what extent the psychotherapists in the Third Reich were actually carrying on past traditions in their field. Cocks's approach to Nazism, and his emphasis on the survival of psychotherapy in Hitler's Germany, leaves the degree of collusion too obscure.

YET some of the institute's actions do give an indication of its attitude toward the regime. For example, Göring extended his protection to one of the leading Freudians remaining in Vienna until this support threatened to endanger the institute itself; and toward the end of the war the institute kept soldiers accused of cowardice and malingering from being executed by dragging on their mental examinations. Moreover, in John Rittemeister, an avowed Freudian, the institute had its own martyr, executed not because of his school of psychiatry, but because of his membership in a conspiracy to kill Hitler. To the SS and the Luftwaffe, the institute proved useful in counseling those who were in danger of losing their mental balance. With the declaration of total war in 1943, however, mental incapacity was interpreted as lack of will, and the institute lost its function. Still, it had managed to survive, and Cocks argues convincingly that the institute left a positive legacy to postwar Germany, possibly the only institution founded and active in the Third Reich to do so.

Psychotherapy in the Third Reich, he writes, had achieved de facto recognition as a profession and unprecendented financial support from the state. In spite of renewed attacks upon its professional status, lay analysis was now firmly established as a profession in

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both West and East Germany. The advances in theory that were arrested during the Third Reich, he writes, were partially compensated for by the opportunity for officially sanctioned and funded practical work undertaken by less- prominent individuals. But what contribution other than sheer survival did such individuals make to their discipline? Did they maintain Freudian or Adlerian psychology in the face of great odds, or were these systems mortally diluted by so-called German psychotherapy? The popularity in Germany today of forms of psychoanalysis which repudiate many of the classical notions of the unconscious would put the strength of that legacy in doubt. In this case the actual degree of collaboration with National Socialism seems less important than what might have rubbed off onto postwar German psychoanalysis from prudent concessions to Nazi ideology.

This book raises, then, important questions. The adjustment of psychotherapy to National Socialism was a matter of survival, but it was surely prepared by the social function of medicine, by the notion that personal health was not just a private matter. Moreover, Cocks broaches the difficult subject of how much a regime like National Socialism corrupts all it touches, of whether it was indeed possible to guard and to rescue the essence of the Freudian or Adlerian psychoanalysis which the Nazis despised as a Jewish invention.

When all is said and done, it was astounding that the Göring Institute could find a place for itself in a state which claimed to cure all the ills of the age, and which never tired of proclaiming that faith in its ideals and goals was sufficient to assure mental health. After all, Hitler himself had promised that with National Socialism in power the nervous nineteenth century would come to an end. If now that National Socialism was in control there were Aryans still infected with modernity or degeneration, they would be cured through discipline and hard work. And if this proved impossible, they would die—for no dark spot would blemish the vitality of the Aryan race. That the work of the institute was able to mitigate this harsh doctrine was perhaps more noteworthy than whatever traditions of pre-Nazi psychotherapy it may have preserved. Anyway their survival was assured in New York and London, not in Berlin.

GEORGE L. MOSSE

George L. Mosse is the author most recently of *Nationalism and Sexuality: Respectability and Abnormal Sexuality in Modern Europe*, to be published this spring by Howard Fertig.

JEAN VS. JEANE

Salvador Witness: The Life and Calling of Jean Donovan by Ana Carrigan

(Simon & Schuster, 317 pp., $16.95)

Several days after a Salvadoran National Guardsman aimed his G-3 service rifle at the back of Jean Donovan's head and pulled the trigger, Jeane Kirkpatrick put pen to paper and explained what was going wrong in El Salvador. It was early December 1980. The bodies of Donovan, a lay missionary for the Maryknoll order, and three American nuns had just been pulled from a shallow grave in the Salvadoran countryside. Kirkpatrick, then a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, was worried that American outrage about the killings might lead to a cutoff of U.S. military aid and the collapse of the Salvadoran government.

In a paper titled "The Hobbes Problem: Order, Authority, and Legitimacy in Central America," Kirkpatrick explained that "Violence or the threat of violence is an integral, regular, predictable part of Latin political systems." Because the country lacks a consensus about legitimate means of gaining political power, "[c]ompetition for influence proceeds by whatever means are at hand." (One of the competing institu-

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tions was the Catholic Church for which Jean Donovan had worked. The Church, Kirkpatrick said, "manipulates symbols of rectitude to win influence for preferred persons and policies.") Especially in El Salvador's political culture, she said, the resulting tendency toward "[i]ntermittent disruption and violence makes order the highest value. . . ." Kirkpatrick suggested that the murder of Jean Donovan should not blur American understanding of this essential point.

Nor should Americans fail to note the danger that "terrorist subversion" posed to the incumbent Salvadoran government. "The principal function of terrorism," Kirkpatrick continued, "is to disrupt the ordinary life of the society, disturb the normal expectations of ordinary people, and destroy habit and and order. . . ." Whatever the other drawbacks of the politics of the Salvadoran government (and Kirkpatrick noted many), it alone had the power to smash this kind of terrorism. The United States, she concluded, had to accept this. Two weeks after Kirkpatrick wrote her paper (available at A.E.I. but never published), President Reagan appointed her U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. By that time Jean Donovan had been buried near her parents' home in Sarasota, Florida.

THE coincidence of the end of Jean Donovan's life and the beginning of Jeane Kirkpatrick's political career illustrates the most fundamental realities of U.S. policy in El Salvador. *Salvador Witness*, Ana Carrigan's sympathetic and understated account of *The Life and Calling of Jean Donovan*, shows how a confused, compassionate, and stubborn woman confronted the violence in El Salvador with a faith that was, in some respects, quintessentially American. Jean Donovan believed that Salvadorans, with the help of the Bible and friends from the north, could gain peacefully the dignity that their political system so often denied them. When she was killed by soldiers from the U.S.-backed government, her faith and American policy collided.

Jean Donovan was a Yuppie. Her upper-middle-class childhood in Connecticut was happy and uneventful. Part of the half-generation that came of age after the 1960s, she never was drawn into political activism. She imitated her older brother, not by voting Democratic as he had in 1972 (and thereby scandalizing the family), but by going into accounting. By the time she was 24 in 1977, Jean had a master's degree in economics and a high-paying job with the prestigious accounting firm of Arthur Andersen. Her politics were conservative and Republican. She drank beer, dated a couple of handsome young doctors, and whizzed around Cleveland on her motorcycle.

Beneath her success, though, was profound dissatisfaction. When she won a free trip to Europe in an office Christmas party drawing, she went to Ireland to see a priest named Michael Crowley whom she had befriended during a college semester abroad. She showed up at his door unannounced. "Don't laugh too loud, Mike," she said. "I've come to talk to you because I think I have to change my life."

A little more than a year later, Jean arrived in Central America. Donovan, like virtually all Americans at the time, knew little about El Salvador. Carrigan astutely recognizes that Jean's impetuosity consisted of immaturity as well as idealism. She doesn't scant the petty lies Jean told to make her new life as a missionary more explicable to others—and perhaps to herself. She said she was just jetting off to balance the books for the mission that the Cleveland diocese ran in the city of La Libertad and play a little golf in San Salvador. "When the first shot is fired, I'll be on the next plane," she told her boyfriend.

Jean plunged into her work with characteristic brashness—and still found no spiritual reward. She was given responsibility for an area outside of La Libertad known as Santa Cruz where 6,000 people lived, most of them cotton harvesters who worked twelve-hour days in the fields of the local plantation owners. Jean ran the local food program for Caritas, the Catholic relief agency, trained local people to run health programs, and held Bible discussion sessions. But the implicit condescension in missionary work made her mistrust her own impulses.

There were few rewards for a do-gooder in Santa Cruz. "The community had no electricity, no running water or sanitation," Carrigan writes, "Right beside it there was a plentiful supply of fresh water on the ranch of the neighboring landlord, but that water was exclusively for the use of the landlord's cattle." Jean asked herself over and over, Why was she doing this? "I believe a lot of things very deeply, and they're always at the back of my mind," Jean wrote to a friend in the fall of 1979, "but I have many, many doubts, and I can't seem to put myself in that child-like relationship with God."

Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero helped show Jean how to trust the word of God and act on it. Like Jean, Romero came from a well-to-do and conservative background. He had been transformed almost overnight in 1977 by the military's assassination of a priest with whom he had been close friends. Every Sunday Jean joined the congregation overflowing from the National Cathedral to hear Romero's sermons. Romero denounced the guerrilla violence but most of all he condemned the government which he said was primarily responsible for the violence suffered by the poor. "Each week, I go about the country collecting the cries of the people, their pain from so much crime and the ignominy of so much violence," Romero said. "Each week I ask the Lord to give me the right words, to console, to denounce, to call for repentance." Jean's letters show that she discovered in this lucid, humble, and fearless man the living embodiment of the intangible impulse that had brought her to El Salvador.

ROMERO showed Jean how the spirit of the Church could serve as a real inspiration in people's lives. In Kirkpatrick's formulation, Romero manipulated the symbols of rectitude. But the "preferred persons" on whose behalf he spoke were the ordinary people of El Salvador. People who visited El Salvador in this period invariably describe the archbishop's popularity much as Carrigan does: "You could hear Romero's voice emerging from houses and shops all over town. Market women abandoned their produce stalls to gather around anyone with a transistor [radio]; in downtown San Salvador the cadences of his voice mingled with the traffic, as bus conductors and taxi drivers tuned in to the Church station."

Romero's vision was so powerful that it disrupted the ordinary life of Salvadoran society. To proclaim, as Romero did, that "the world which the Church ought to serve is . . . the world of the poor," was to disturb the normal expectations of ordinary people in El Salvador. If the poor believed it, they might someday demand that they be allowed to drink the water reserved for the cattle. And that could destroy the "habit

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and order" on which the society was built. Romero's ministry, and Jean's work—even though it explicitly renounced the use of violence—qualified as Kirkpatrick's "subversive terrorism."

Romero was assassinated as he celebrated mass on March 24, 1980, and El Salvador's slide into civil war accelerated. The military junta, led by young reformist officers, that had seized power the previous October had collapsed. (Unlike a fair portion of the revolutionary left, Jean had supported the October 1979 coup.) Right-wing death squads wiped out dozens of civilian opposition leaders who remained in the country. Those who weren't killed went underground and allied themselves with the small but growing Marxist-Leninist guerrilla groups fighting in the countryside.

JEAN'S letters and journal grow inarticulate, fearful, and clipped after Romero's death. But Carrigan does not intrude and allows Jean's words to express the gradual realization of the terrifying challenge to her already shaky faith that she faced. In April a group of civilians arrived in Santa Cruz in army trucks and decapitated a lay catechist and two other young people. In May two young men who had helped Jean in Celebrations of the Word were tortured and hacked to death. "Everything is really hitting so close now," she wrote to her priest friend Michael Crowley.

But faced with the choice between her beliefs and her safety, Jean did not back down. When the security forces detained innocent parishioners, she marched into the local barracks and demanded that the *comandante* release them. "She got away with it," Carrigan writes, "but as she walked triumphantly back into the street . . . she left behind her . . . a dangerously humiliated enemy." Late one night in early July Jean walked home with the sacristan of the local church, a young man named Armando with whom she was having a romantic fling. Two men shot him on the street, and when he cried out for help, one of them stuck the gun in his mouth and fired twice more. The message to Jean was clear.

For six weeks she withdrew, stopped writing in her diary, only to then plunge back into even more dangerous work. Slowly her grief and fear over Armando's death were transformed. She teamed up with Dorothy Kazel, an Ur-

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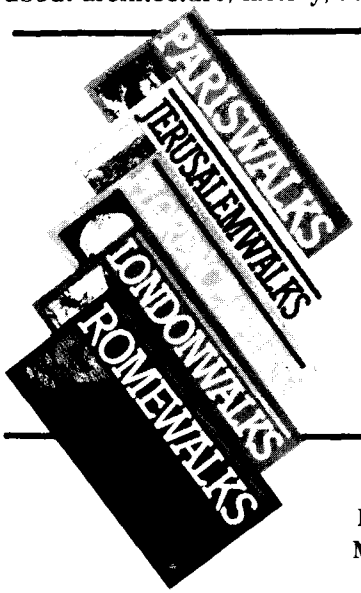

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suline nun who worked with the Cleveland mission, to run a kind of refugee shuttle service. They drove the mission's white Toyota van into the hills of Chalatenango, the northern province where the violence was most brutal. They passed the roadblocks of suspicious soldiers going in to the so-called "conflictive zones," and reemerged carrying terrified women and children. Amid the violence, Jean came to believe more and more deeply in nonviolence.

In keeping with Romero's vision, Jean believed that the government was responsible for most of the violence, but that guerrilla violence was not the solution for her or for ordinary people like the farmers of Chalatenango. The guerrillas asked them for food and robbed them if they didn't cooperate. The armed forces then killed the farmers for collaborating with the guerrillas. "It's so much harder to fight for your liberty in a nonviolent way than it is with a gun," she told Crowley. "It's funny—people very close to me have been killed now, and yet I still think that. So I'm starting to think maybe I really do believe it. At the moment the only nonviolent voice in the whole country is the Church, and I think they have to remain in a neutral position." For Jean the only escape from the horror of violence was the higher laws of the Church.

Carrigan comments that this nonviolent neutrality was "inevitably misunderstood [and] misinterpreted" by the country's right-wing forces. More likely, it was understood all too well. The willingness of Jean or anyone else to act without regard to violence or threat of violence was a real danger to the government's power. Indeed such a belief was probably even more dangerous than the unpopular ideology of the guerrillas. As Kirkpatrick noted in her A.E.I. paper, those holding power in places like El Salvador did not believe there was any real middle ground. "There are only incumbents and their policies, and all those who are not with them are against them," she wrote.

Jean's faith challenged this Manichean thinking instead of evading or succumbing to it. Her neutrality wasn't an excuse for subordinating religious faith to the dictates of power. She didn't shun anyone whom the government called a "subversive." Jean and her colleagues distributed food and clothing to all, and they knew that some of it wound up in the hands of the armed opposition. Nor was it, as some have charged, a cover for promoting the counterfeit religion of Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries that also holds "all those not with them are against them." Jean and her colleagues helped people who did not want to fight to flee the guerrilla zones. One of Jean's friends drowned in a flooded river on her way to pick up a refugee who had belonged to ORDEN, the notorious rural police force that was intimately connected with the death squads. Jean's faith was the real neutrality of helping all people in need. It was only partisan in its conviction that the human dignity and simple safety of people should never be sacrificed for any cause. It took appalling courage to keep this faith.

Jean took a vacation in the United States and Ireland in October 1980, but against the advice of Father Crowley, her brother, and her friends, she decided to return to her work in El Salvador. Soon after she returned, Ita Ford and Maura Clark, two friends who were Maryknoll nuns and worked in Chalatenango, heard from the local death squad. A picture of a human head riven by a knife and gushing with blood was drawn on the door of their house.

A month later, Maura and Ita attended a conference of Maryknoll leaders in Nicaragua. When they returned, Jean and Dorothy picked them up in the van at the San Salvador airport. The four women were followed and then stopped at a roadblock, where a National Guard commander and four soldiers abducted them. They were driven to a remote area, raped, and shot.

CARRIGAN'S epilogue about the aftermath of the murders is damning. She shifts from the personal and intimate depiction of Jean's life to the politics of the murder probe. She demolishes the Administration's repeated certifications to Congress and the public that the Salvadoran government was making "good faith efforts" to investigate the murder. In the words of a conservative American judge appointed by the Administration to investigate the investigators, "the first reaction of the Salvadoran authorities to the murder was, tragically, to conceal the perpetrators from justice." She makes a persuasive case that the murders were ordered by higher officers in the Salvadoran military.

U.S. officials, too, allowed political considerations to control their role in the probe of the murders. Low-level U.S. Embassy officials in San Salvador gathered most of the crucial information. But the investigation was well-controlled after that. The embassy investigators never interviewed two obvious crucial witnesses (one of them the cousin of the country's defense minister); no one from the United States or the Salvadoran government ever contacted them later on. And the Administration lobbied Congress not to link U.S. military aid to progress in the investigation.

But Carrigan makes clear that legal action was only taken when it became obvious that aid to the military was in jeopardy. The five National Guardsmen

HAVE OR LOVE

As if we had time, and could save it,
sang to keep it,
loved to make it.

As if all the thens on earth
were aiming only for our local now,
our own pet moment (when your head

is under-water, you may take
a puddle for a flood). The tears
aren't even there until you cry them—

it's a kind of money,
no use kept. Could I
have ever been so rich? I gave

myself away the day I gave
him up for dead. I wept and wept, as if
there were two choices—loved

for good or loved for ill;
worked for life or stalled for time.
As if I made the choice

to sing, or could.

HEATHER MCHUGH

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were sent to trial two days before a Congressional vote on $135 million in military aid. Within hours of their conviction the State Department released $19 million in military aid that had been suspended by Congress.

Carrigan tries but cannot quite nail down why American policy condoned all this. Her evidence dispels the fantasy that the Salvadoran government is caught between "extremists of the left and right." But why couldn't the United States convince Salvadoran military leaders that it was in their interest, if only for public relations purposes, to prosecute Jean Donovan's killers? Carrigan has no explanation.

AGAIN it was Kirkpatrick who provided the most forthright answer. In the A.E.I. paper she recognized that the killings were not deplorable "excesses" of the government but instead essential defensive measures on behalf of it. Her analysis installed Jean Donovan's killers in a pantheon of Salvadoran heroes.

This point emerged naturally in the course of her argument. In emphasizing that "order" was the most important public good, she stated that, "Heroes are people who make a special contribution to highly valued goods." In Kirkpatrick's estimation, General Maximiliano Hernández Martínez of El Salvador was one such hero. He distinguished himself, she noted, by crushing a peasant uprising in 1931. He "ruthlessly suppressed the disorders—wiping out all those who participated and hunting down their leaders. It is said that 30,000 persons lost their lives in the process."

Kirkpatrick found Hernández worthy of emulation. "To many Salvadoreans the violence of this repression seems less important than the fact of restored order and the thirteen years of civil peace that ensued," she continued. "The traditionalist death squads that pursue revolutionary activists and leaders in contemporary El Salvador call themselves Hernández Martínez brigades, seeking thereby to place themselves in El Salvador's political tradition and communicate their purposes."

This candid homily to the death squads can only be excused by condescension: Kirkpatrick didn't really mean to say that the killers of unarmed women are heroic. But Kirkpatrick is neither a careless writer nor sloppy thinker. She did not preface her description of the death squad heroes with any qualifying remarks (like "in the context of"), or even add quotation marks to hint that she was using the admiring term "heroes" advisedly. And for good reason. It wouldn't have made much sense to urge acceptance of the "political tradition" to which the death squads belonged, and then condemn the death squads for the actions that defended that tradition in times of crisis. Kirkpatrick was facing up early on to a truth that many still shy from: that the death squads were essential for the task of maintaining order in El Salvador.

Everything in the A.E.I. paper suggests that Kirkpatrick believed that the women were correctly perceived as "subversives," and that the death squads or the military (it hardly matters which) were accordingly heroic to target them for death. Most importantly, Kirkpatrick clearly believed that the U.S. should not second-guess the killers. "All those who are not with them, are against them." In Kirkpatrick's scheme, an ineffectual investigation of the murder of the four women, far from undermining American policy, furthered it.

Jean Donovan was exceptional in life and in death. When she was alive she believed that "habit and order" and revolutionary violence were not the only alternatives for the Salvadoran people. Many of us say the same thing but few risk our lives for it. And after she was dead, her killers received real justice—for whatever reasons, they are in jail. No Salvadoran has received as much. Not one military officer, not one death squad member, has ever been punished for killing an innocent Salvadoran.

What makes Jean Donovan even more admirable today is the dark background of the last four years. The abiding message of *Salvador Witness* is that since December 1980 the death squads have communicated their purposes to the makers of U.S. foreign policy. They sought to place themselves in El Salvador's political tradition, and they succeeded.

JEFFERSON MORLEY

THE SPIRIT OF 1940

Pétain, Hero or Traitor: The Untold Story by Herbert R. Lottman

(William Morrow, 444 pp., $17.95)

Most Frenchmen now prefer to forget that for at least two years after the German victory of 1940, Philippe Pétain was the most popular man in France. Today, the accepted verdict on the leader of the Vichy regime is the one pronounced by a jury of deputies and resistance heroes on August 15, 1945: guilty of high treason. Yet only five years before, it was Charles de Gaulle whom a French court convicted of treason (in absentia) for his brash and unsuccessful defiance of Vichy, while Pétain's picture adorned thousands of French shop windows and enthusiastic crowds hailed *le Maréchal* as a savior: the man who preserved France from the fate of Poland.

Was Pétain a hero or a traitor? This is the question Herbert Lottman (author of *The Left Bank: Writers, Artists and Politics from the Popular Front to the Cold War*) poses in the title of his exhaustive biography; yet any reader who plows through all 384 fact-crammed pages should find it an oddly unsuitable one. What emerges from the book is a picture neither of heroism nor treachery, but rather of supreme mediocrity. Pétain may have been a canny general, as he showed in the World War I defense of Verdun that made him a national hero, but he possessed neither the ability nor the inclination for politics, and proved decisively inadequate as a statesman in France's most humiliating hour.

Pétain did not have a memorable personality. His life tells us less about greatness than about the exhaustion, division, and despair in France in the year of what Marc Bloch called the "strange defeat." With France riven by partisan disputes, weakened by defeatism on both the right and the left, and dazed by the blitzkrieg, the French Parliament and people wished above all to end the fighting and restore a semblance of national unity. The fact that the only man left to serve as a symbol of that unity was Pétain—tired, inexperi-

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enced, and marginally implicated in several pre-war right-wing conspiracies—shows just how close French society was coming to self-destruction.

Thus the question of whether Philippe Pétain was a "hero" or a "traitor" has relatively little importance. In France today, however, where the memory of Vichy is still troubling, it has enormous emotional significance. (Pétain's lawyer, Jacques Isorni, for example, recently stirred up a controversy with a new book defending Vichy.) And it is to this question that Lottman, himself an American longtime resident in France, narrowly addresses his book (which he actually wrote in French). *Pétain: Hero or Traitor* lacks all but the most cursory discussion of the larger political context of Pétain's life. What Lottman has done instead, often in quite pedestrian fashion, is to carefully collect every scrap of evidence pertaining to Pétain's actions during Vichy (including a great deal of material from previously sealed archives) and arrange them chronologically, along with 150 pages on the marshal's first eighty-three years.

It is a definitive portrait; but given Pétain's character, much of the book amounts to an in-depth study of shallowness. *Le Maréchal* was a man quite content to spend most of his life advancing in slow and unremarkable fashion through the ranks of the French Army, devoting the bulk of his free time to several protracted, overlapping adulterous affairs. At age 84, he took charge of the final government of the Third Republic only because he felt he could alleviate the suffering of the French people in their time of need. Yet as the leader of Vichy France, the lack of a clear moral sense allowed him to preside over a "National Revolution" which took advantage of France's defeat to impose a program grounded in bitterly partisan conservative politics.

Lottman tells this story with assiduous impartiality, yet at the same time he drowns it in trivial detail. We learn that Pétain gave Baccarat crystal vases to important visitors, that he continued to receive a 600-pound annuity from the British Army for a few years after the armistice, and that on October 29, 1940, he chose chicken for dinner, although he could have had wild boar. Indeed, Lottman displays a quasi-obsession for the Marshal's cuisine. Discussing one three-day trip, he writes:

> One notable relic that remains is the collection of menus of the official banquets. In Toulouse: selection of hors d'oeuvres, rolled filets of sole in a cream and mushroom sauce, roast young turkey, foie gras in a port jelly, pear custard pie; the wines were a 1934 Chablis, a 1929 Château Latour, a 1933 Château Canon; and there was coffee. In Montauban: fresh ham, filet of sole, roast partridge, salad, cheese, fruit salad.

Fearing to prejudice his narrative, Lottman even fails to include the obvious counterpoint to this gastronomic whirlwind tour: the fact that the French population as a whole suffered from harsh food rationing during the war, partially because of huge German requisitions, and that French caloric intake under the occupation may have fallen as low as 1500 calories a day.

For those with the strength to wade through the detail, Lottman does provide a coherent and interesting portrait of Pétain. We see a tired old man, his intervals of lucidity growing increasingly more rare, torn between several conflicting impulses. On the one hand, he considers himself a "loyal adversary" to the Germans and feels he must abide by the terms of the armistice he has signed. On the other, he secretly hopes for an Allied victory, initiating several secret contacts with the British and confiding to a friend that if an invasion army lands, "we must open our arms to it." Above all, he fears that the sort of destruction visited on northern France during World War I would be repeated, this time across the country and on a far greater scale. Indeed, these fears became an obsession, leading a perceptive friend to remark: "you think of the French too much, and not enough of France, Marshal."

The book makes clear that Pétain's conflicting impulses and fears made him an easy prey for subtle manipulation by allies and confidantes who thought far less of France than he did—traditionalist conservatives who despised their country for the godless and decadent Republic, and also opportunistic collaborationists. Foremost among these men was Pierre Laval, former Third Republic socialist and Prime Minister, who wanted France to play an active role in Hitler's Europe. Again and again Laval mercilessly badgered Pétain into accepting his advice. As Lottman says, he "had managed to terrorize the old man with his description of the horrors in store for France."

By giving us the first complete and impartial account of Pétain's years in Vichy, Lottman does manage to dis-

The New Republic's Best Books

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Equal Distance by Brad Leithauser (Knopf). An accomplished first novel about young Americans in Japan. (Reviewed 1/21/85)

Who Really Paid Hitler: German Big Business and the Rise of Hitler by Henry Ashby Turner Jr. (Oxford University Press). A surprising study of how little the Nazis owed to the capitalists. (1/21/85)

The Second Industrial Divide: Possibilities for Prosperity by Michael J. Piore and Charles Sabel (Basic). An original and illuminating account of a turning point in our industrial economy. (1/7&14/85)

The Burn by Vassily Aksyonov (Random House). An epic portrait of the surreal and, alas, so real, landscape of Soviet life. (12/31/84)

Zhou Enlai: A Biography by Dick Wilson (Viking). The mixed career of Mao's closest comrade. (12/3/84)

Family Dancing by David Leavitt (Knopf). A collection of well-paced portraits of family life from a new writer. (12/24/84)

Churchill and Roosevelt: The Complete Correspondence by Warren F. Kimball (Princeton University Press). World War II, as witnessed and waged by two great leaders and good friends. (12/24/84)

T. S. Eliot: A Life by Peter Ackroyd (Simon & Schuster). An intelligent, lucid biography of the poet, critic, and man. (12/17/84)

Slavery and Human Progress by David Brion Davis (Oxford University Press). A meditation on the morals and methods of studying slavery. (11/26/84)

Bright Lights, Big City by Jay McInerney (Vintage Books). A funny first novel about getting wired and getting tired in Manhattan. (12/3/84)

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prove many of the myths and misconceptions that have circulated since the war. For example, he destroys the argument that Pétain was a strong leader who deserves full responsibility for Vichy's crimes. Lottman takes care not to pass judgment, but in his discussion of Pétain and the Jews, at least, he clearly spells out his conclusion. Pétain had the anti-Semitism common to most people from his background, but the initiative to persecute the Jews in France during the war came from elsewhere: "The image of Pétain as shrewd and omniscient, manipulating his entourage even as they thought they were manipulating him, weakens when we seek to come to terms with Vichy's Jewish policy."

But what effect did Pétain's weakness have on Vichy's policies? How did it figure into the continual wrestling for power that went on inside the wartime French government? How did it affect relations with the Germans? Lottman does not tell us. At no point does he venture even a timid speculation about Pétain's final significance in the history of Vichy France. We learn practically nothing about the right-wing ideologies that competed for control of the "National Revolution," surprisingly little about Pétain's ministers (including Laval), and hardly anything about the application of their policies. Neither is there a description of politics in occupied Paris, where French fascists had their greatest success, or the tensions in German policy toward the defeated enemy. Without discussing Pétain in this framework, far more important in the end than the question of "hero versus traitor," Lottman's book is not an adequate biography.

The irony of Pétain's life is that if he had died in 1939, at the ripe age of 83, he would be honorably remembered today as the hero of Verdun. Historians would debate his contributions to French defense policy in the '30s, and his right-wing ties would merit an article or two in their professional journals, as would his early relations with Charles de Gaulle. Instead, in what de Gaulle would later call "the extreme winter of his life," Pétain chose to become the symbol of France. And so he remains, but it is the France of 1940 that he symbolizes: broken, confused, exhausted, and tarnished with the shame of collaboration.

DAVID A. BELL

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

Sullivan v. *New York Times*, the United States Supreme Court has carved out a series of exceptions to the otherwise ordinary course of defamation law. If the allegedly libelous comment deals with a public figure, the plaintiff must show that the false statement was made knowingly or with reckless disregard for the truth. Thus, mere factual inaccuracy won't carry the day for Mr. Allen, who, as the former National Security Adviser, is plainly a public figure. Perhaps TNR should explain to Mr. Allen's attorney that, in light of *Sullivan*, any libel action will be deemed as filed without legal foundation. If someone institutes a lawsuit without legal justification and subsequently loses, he may be subject to a malicious prosecution suit himself. The winner in a malicious prosecution case may recover damages as tantalizing as the bounty available to a winner in a defamation suit. And the lawyer who brought the previous case which lost can be made a defendant in a malicious prosecution case along with his client. I am sure that a letter to Mr. Allen's counsel expressing such sentiments would be given close attention.

EDWARD TABASH
Beverly Hills, California

WHOOPING IT UP

To the editors:

TRB's excellent discussion of tort law and technological risk underestimates the imagination of personal injury lawyers ("Bhopal's in your Court," TNR, January 7 & 14). He suggests that we will have to endure children dying unvaccinated from whooping cough because there will be no American whooping cough vaccine manufacturer to sue. But can anyone doubt that the first such cases will bring lawsuits against the pediatrician who couldn't find any vaccine, against the school district that stopped requiring vaccinations, and, indeed, by counsel representing the child, against his (or her) own parents? These suits will be handled by the same attorneys who obtained the malpractice awards putting the vaccine companies out of the business in the first place, as another example of the legal profession's dedication to giving everyone his day in court, for a price.

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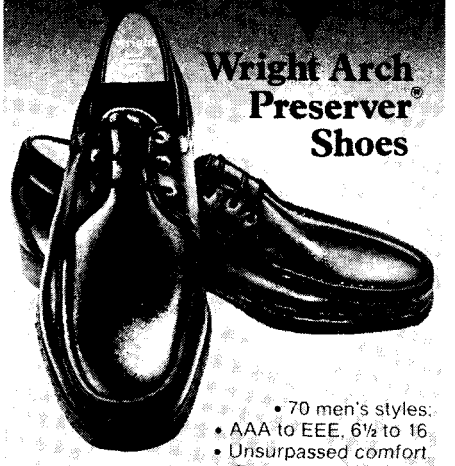

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

My Generation

LAST WEEK there occurred in my office a sociological epiphany. The program for the centennial conference of the Modern Language Association came across my desk in the company of *Newsweek*'s epochal cover story about Yuppies. (*Time*'s Yuppie cover, about one Peter Ueberroth, arrived a few days later.) The academicians were arriving in town for their annual seventy-two-hour orgy of critical divagation and graduate-student despair. The Yuppies were already here; indeed, this city was one of the first that these body snatchers had snatched. For the purpose of reflecting upon some of my own generation's chosen forms of life, the juxtaposition was providential.

WHAT IS WRONG with the M.L.A., and more generally with the professional study of literature, is rather obvious. The conference was hardly convened and there was instruction in the Hale Room of the Washington Sheraton on "The Authority of the Signifier: Barthes and Puzo's *The Godfather*." The high toll of high theory remained in evidence in almost all that followed. I wandered into a crowded room in which it hung thick in the air. A professor at the podium was expounding upon what he called "a paranoid interrogation of the ontological foundations for the epistemic disclosure of the text," or some equally common thing. I had the feeling throughout his paper that not one of his words was his own. Naturally my attention wandered—to something truly astonishing, it turned out. At the end of the podium stood a translator for the deaf who put all of these abstractions into sign language. I marveled first at the power of her hands; I was not aware that the technique existed for the formulation of such fine ideas in fingers. Then I marveled at the meanness of the M.L.A. There cannot be many advantages to deafness, but one of them surely must be that it spares you the acquaintance with such sentences.

I DO NOT mean to make the popular philistine complaint about the difficulty of contemporary criticism. Some of it I do not really understand, and do not care to; my mind is busy elsewhere. But for every scientistic structuralist I cannot abide, there is a sentimental humanist I cannot abide either. At Columbia College a decade ago I was taught that clear writing is proof of clear thinking. It seemed obvious. It no longer does. Falsehoods may be delivered in the most pellucid of prose, as the writings of conservatives have illustrated for centuries; and truths may be told turgidly. Obscurity is not the enemy. Error is. And he is no friend of language whom it does not summon to play or to pleasure. That was the reason, finally, for my dejection in the company of this cutting edge of criticism. There were so many words, and so little joy. The professor at the podium may not have lacked sense; but he lacked life.

STILL, IT WAS SOCIOLOGY, not philosophy, that exercised me. At the Sheraton the professional hardship was everywhere. Sweating seekers of employment crowded the corridors. Upstairs in the hotel suites job interviews took place from which an examination by St. Peter at the gates would be a relief. But even those with the jobs, the gainfully employed assistant professors in the frayed corduroy trousers or the frayed sensible pumps, had an air of struggle about them. You had the feeling that they had come to the M.L.A. primarily for morale. The difficulties of deconstructionism are nothing compared to the difficulties of the cost of living. I wasn't sure exactly what I was sensing, until *Newsweek*. Then it hit me. These young scholars and critics had made a principled decision not to become a Yuppie. That was it. These were men and women with the same opportunity who nevertheless preferred to spring for the long-awaited, obscenely priced critical edition of the works of Thomas Vaughan and to make their sauces manually. They clove to their texts and bought their wines on special. In 1985, in short, they were not in it for the money. Washington is not exactly awash in such socioeconomic courage. Nor was I, when I chose to leave the university. I have not yet regretted the choice. Still, this most alienating of academic alienations, the annual convention of the M.L.A., made me a little nostalgic.

NEWSWEEK, on the other hand, made me a little sick. These young entrepreneurs and executives make the man in the gray flannel suit look like the suffering servant. For centuries, according to the historians of capitalism, people have been acquiring and consuming. What makes the members of my generation think that their acquisition and consumption is so historically important? *Newsweek* thinks that their idealism of the past makes their materialism of the present interesting. I find it hard to believe in the idealism of people who come to wear as their badge of identity sun-dried tomatoes and garam masala. These people were not idealists; they simply had different symbols for their self-absorption. When they did drugs, doing drugs was a philosophy of life. When they make money, making money is a philosophy of life. Whatever they do, is a philosophy of life. They claim to answer to higher authorities, to have a conscience, nonetheless. Maybe; but I would not recommend to the needful members of American society that they rely upon it. Their own employers can't. "A minimal sense of loyalty" was how a critic of corporate culture described the Yuppies' attitude toward their firms and their companies.

IT IS NOT the affluence of the Yuppies that offends. Affluence is the American way. But the same life may be lived for different reasons. The Yuppies' reasons are what I fail to understand. I do not understand the buying of clothes not for reasons of beauty. I do not understand the building up of bodies not for reasons of concupiscence. And I do not understand all this talk about "feeling good." Feeling good is simply a sign that you are not paying attention. There is only one doubt of which the Yuppies may have the benefit, only one way to make these monsters of status seem human, and that is the dim hope that they are desperate. With any luck, they hate themselves. Then it figures. Money can work miracles for those in need of internal confirmation; it can furnish a great deal of external evidence. But *Newsweek*'s Yuppies appear to have no part in the traditional pathos of having. That's the frightening thing. They seem to believe in the saving power of credit lines because they love themselves. Which is just as well, I guess. Nobody else could love them.

L.W.

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